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THE

DUBLIN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL

Edited by ALGAR THOROLD

APRIL, 1931

1. A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE. By Alfred Noyes.
2. STATECRAFT IN RUSSIA. By Montgomery Belgion.
3. CHILD PSYCHOLOGY. By Dr. Charles Burns.
4. THE NEW CONCEPTION OF HISTORY. By W. A. Hirst.
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ART. I.—A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE.

AN extremely interesting book has just been published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of *A Spiritual Pilgrimage towards the Threshold of the Catholic Church*. It consists of extracts from the first half of the diary of yet one more Protestant who finds himself compelled to abandon life-long prejudices, and many old associations, for the sake of truths which he now feels to be vital and permanent. The author's name is not given on the title-page; but it is clear that he has long occupied a Protestant pulpit.

The peculiar interest of the book is that it is, so to speak, an apologia for an act that has not yet happened. It leaves the writer still hesitating on the threshold, though he is intellectually convinced; and it records, step by step, how he came to that critical position. It gives the reasons for his changed view of the Catholic Church; and it explains the motives which, as he says, "are now impelling me towards a goal from which I shrank in earlier days, to a conclusion which I never dreamed I should seriously entertain, to which indeed I was actually opposed".

The book, therefore, reflects the state of mind of many thinkers in England to-day, a state induced by the intellectual confusion of their environment. There seems to be a growing readiness, even in the pagan world, to approve of the fundamental certainties of Catholicism, and to accept the Catholic philosophy so far as it can be detached from any personal religious obligations. It is not an approval like that of the Roman emperors who, in the ironical but somewhat shallow words of Gibbon, "knew and valued the advantages of religion, as it is connected with civil government; and respected, as the firmest bond of society, the useful persuasion that, either in this or in a future life, crime is most assuredly punished by the avenging gods". The irony here is shallow because it is unaware of its own implications. It is concerned with a certain kind of hypocrisy, but it forgets to notice the real significance of the highly effective facts to which that hypocrisy paid its unconscious tribute. It has nothing of the

weight and edge of that most incisive utterance of the French Revolution—that, if there were no God, it would be necessary to invent Him. The admission of that mere “necessity” does not carry us far, perhaps, but if we find that all the real values of human life to-day are being saved from destruction by codes of law, written and unwritten, that depend for their validity on beliefs that have lapsed for the majority, then we have at least urgent reasons for realizing and respecting the fact that those beliefs were in a certain accord with reality, even if they were expressed through pagan fables or a Christian symbolism of which we have lost the meaning. The Encyclical on Marriage was an illuminating instance of this. The City of God is wrapped in clouds; but the clouds have only hidden, not destroyed, its eternal fabric. Millions, unaware of the nature of their own needs, are beginning to feel at least the nostalgia of their exile and the unhappy longing for permanent values in a world where everything seems transitory. Daily they see more clearly the necessity (if the higher values of civilization are to endure) of regaining that central position in which the separate personality most fully and freely express its true nature while it co-operates with laws that are as far above individual caprice as the laws of reason itself. It is not “emperors” or capitalists who feel that necessity to-day. It is being felt more and more by the perplexed men and women who are daily told by the popular Press that right and wrong are mere bubbles blown by their own breath, the men and women who have had the solid ground cut from under their feet by the pseudo-intellectuals of a slowly dying literature, and have nothing left of their faith but the one splendid treasure of “the broken heart and the unbroken word”. The author of *A Spiritual Pilgrimage* in one of his most striking chapters quotes a remarkable passage from a privately printed sermon of Archbishop Goodier :

England knows that she lacks something; she hungers, as probably no other country in the world to-day hungers, but she does not know for what. She looks with wistful, almost jealous

eyes on those who seem to possess that satisfying thing which is not hers, but she cannot find it. It is not only the hunger that belongs to all thinking men, it is more than that which is fed by science and learning. In these England shares with the rest of the world; nevertheless, in addition, she shows a hunger of her own, written on every page of her history, especially in recent years, stamped on the very features of her children. It is a longing, not for something new, but for something which once was hers and she has now lost; for a light which once she could follow and is now extinguished; for a truth which she once understood and is now obscure; for a love, the memory of whose embrace clings like a haunting dream about her, and will not die. It is a longing akin to despair—England scarcely ceases to acknowledge it to herself, lest she be found wanting and impoverished; it is a longing which reads in its past history the names of those who have made the glory of England and knows too well that their tradition is broken; a longing which cries out in our literature, and in our day everywhere about us in writers whose pens seek their inspiration either in the Church of their forefathers or in the Catholic Church abroad; a longing which will not be silenced, the like of which will scarcely be found in any other nation's literature.

There is perhaps nothing quite like it in other countries, for in England it is a mere sense of loss, without consciousness of the nature of the loss. But in other countries there have been striking examples of it. One of the most remarkable is the great passage in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* of Goethe, a passage that has been singularly neglected by his biographers and commentators, for the simple reason that they disliked to face the fact that the greatest intellect of his time in European literature could think and speak in terms of pure Catholicism. It relates to his earlier days, but it was written in the full maturity of his powers. Nobody can rightly understand the Goethe of *Faust* who does not understand the Catholic element in his world-co-ordinating mind.

"If the Protestant worship lacks depth," says Goethe, it is because it does not foster the symbolical and sacramental sense with "the visible symbols of divine grace"; and he then describes how in Catholicism "the great universal sacrament (of the Lord's supper) resolves itself

into many others, and communicates to these separate rites, its own holiness and eternity”.

He describes how a youthful pair give their hands to one another, “not for a passing salutation or for the dance”, and how the bond is made indissoluble. He describes how the child is incorporated into the Church; how the man is absolved of guilt through a number of symbolical and sacramental acts; and how he kneels and receives the Host; while “in order that the mystery of this high act may be still enhanced, he sees the chalice only in the distance. It is no common eating and drinking that satisfies, it is a heavenly feast which makes him thirst after having drunk”.

He describes, finally, how the soul is fortified with ten-fold strength at the gates of death; “and thus a glorious round of acts of equal sanctity, the beauty of which we have only briefly hinted at, binds the cradle to the grave by one unbroken chain”.

It is the loss of all this—the very life of our forefathers—that begins to be felt once more in England. This longing, at present not fully answered, is the theme of *A Spiritual Pilgrimage*. The book is not only a record of the author’s own religious experience and his constant sense of approach to that deeper fulfilment of his nature which is described by Goethe in the passage quoted above, but it is an admirably reasoned argument based on a prolonged study of the history of the subject. The sequence of paragraphs with which he establishes his own intellectual convictions as to the one Catholic Church has a great cumulative effect, and his arrangement of his brief historical argument on the Petrine texts could hardly be bettered. The chapter on the “Sins of the Church” answers effectively a very common objection of the day, and he has interwoven with his own text one of the most beautiful passages from Karl Adam’s magnificent *Spirit of Catholicism* (to which, by the by, the reference is not given). The passage is as follows:

If all the members of the Body of Christ could regard themselves as without error or without fault, all humility and inwardness,

all poverty of spirit, all love and delicate feeling would be destroyed and their place taken by a loathsome Puritanism and a loveless fanaticism. . . . We love our Church in spite of, nay just because of, her poor outward appearance. Though his mother must be travel-stained with long journeying, though her steps be sometimes halting and weary, and though her countenance too be furrowed with care and trouble—yet she is his mother. In her heart burns the ancient love. Out of her eyes shines the ancient faith. From her hands flow ever the ancient blessings. What would heaven be without God? What would the earth be without His Church? I believe in One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

Neither Karl Adam nor the author of *A Spiritual Pilgrimage* minimizes the failures of her human instruments. But the latter author adds that if he were to reject the Catholic Church on this account his rejection could not end there, and he certainly could not reject it as a "Protestant", for Protestantism has failed in a far shorter history. Excellent as all the reasoning of the book is in its impartiality, its chief interest lies, however, in its expression of that desire, that sense of exile from the home of our fathers, in which it reflects so much of the mind and heart of our time.

When I first entered a Catholic church I stood a moment bewildered. It was unfamiliar and yet not unrecognizable. It was like meeting a forgotten friend of years long past whose features were only dimly recalled . . . or like returning, on tiptoe, to the home of our childhood, where parents and grandparents had lived and loved, a hallowed spot once fragrant for us with memories, but now overshadowed with an atmosphere of strangeness.

He describes how he began to be drawn by this church and that, until at last he felt at home in them all, and "in each one I felt the same Presence".

Intellectual conviction is not the same thing as conversion, for the reason given by Goethe in a few sentences immediately after his great passage on the sacraments: "These spiritual wonders cannot be sown, or planted. . . . We must petition for them from another region."

A certain portion of *A Spiritual Pilgrimage* seems

to be written with a similar detachment ; but it is difficult to suppose that the writer of other passages ("in each one I felt the same Presence") will be unable to pass the threshold. In this respect, the book presents an unusual problem. Hitherto the record of such a pilgrimage has been reserved until the goal was reached. But in the final chapter one passes from what one may justly call a combination of intellectual conviction and spiritual certainty to a conscious waiting for his own final step, as though the author were surveying himself from the outside. Doubt seems to be over ; the doors are passed ; the worshipper kneels before the Host ; and then, with hardly a transition, we feel that he is still waiting, in something like the mood of Newman on his Mediterranean voyage. He gives the same explanation as Goethe. The spiritual wonder comes "from another region", or, in technical language, by "grace". Yet in passage after passage the spiritual wonder seems to be there and the spiritual home to be found. It is difficult to see any other end than the final home-coming to which every chapter, with cumulative effect, leads on. But of this it is impossible to speak until the completion of the diary (which is promised for an early date) enables the critic to deal adequately with the intensely interesting questions that are raised by this first instalment.

ALFRED NOYES.

50/c

ART. 2.—STATECRAFT IN RUSSIA

1. *The Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels.* A new translation by Eden and Cedar Paul, with Introduction and Notes by D. Ryazanoff (London: Martin Lawrence, 1930).
2. *Fundamental Problems of Marxism.* By G. Plekhanov (edited by D. Ryazanov. Marxist Library, No 1.) (London: Martin Lawrence, 1929).
3. *Karl Marx's Capital.* By A. D. Lindsay. World Manuals (Oxford University Press).
4. *The Experiment of Bolshevism.* By Arthur Feiler. Translated by H. J. Stenning (London: Allen and Unwin, 1930).
5. *The Five-Year Plan of the Soviet Union: A Political Interpretation.* By G. T. Grinko (London: Martin Lawrence, 1930).
6. *Annales de l'Économie Collective*, January-May, 1930 (Geneva: 6, Rue Pécolat).
7. *Russia's Productive System.* By Emile Burns (London: Gollancz, 1930).
8. *Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution.* By Maurice Dobb, 2nd edition (London: Routledge and Labour Research Department, 1928).
9. *The New Education in the Soviet Republic.* By Albert Pinkévitch. Translated by Nucia Perlmutter (London: Allen and Unwin, 1930).
10. *Communism.* By H. J. Laski, 3rd edition; Home and University Library.

AN enduring government, we have been told, must rest on the consent of the governed; and to what government the governed consent is no doubt their own affair. It is on this ground that the extremer forms of foreign propaganda carried on by the Russian Government are apt to be resented. But the consideration cannot cause foreigners to hesitate about discussing in turn Russian domestic policy and the goal which that policy is said to have in view, even though the Russian Government itself has now been governing for nearly fourteen years. For the Russian Government is not content to govern; it also invites discussion of its governing by insistently trying to persuade the whole world

to adopt the same goal and pursue a similar policy. Moreover, the policy is unique, and unique in such a way that outsiders cannot avoid discussing it. As that of no other government is, Russian statecraft is all-embracing; in particular, it effects in the private life of every Russian a revolution so intimate that it raises decisive issues for mankind.

I

THE MARXIAN CONTRADICTION

I

Under the Russian system of government, political representation is nominally secured to the people through a hierarchy of elected bodies, ranging from the factory cells to the Union Congress of Soviets.* But not only is this representation exclusively representation of the Communist party; so far as the initiation of the main lines of policy is concerned, the elected bodies are mere debating societies. The laying down of the main lines of policy rests altogether with the small group of leaders,† and although individual members have died (*e.g.*, Lenin), or have provisionally resigned, or even been expelled (*e.g.*, Trotsky), and new blood has perforce been admitted, the group has remained essentially the same ever since the Revolution of 1917.

For the notion of the Quinquennial Plan of Economic Construction, now in its third year of application, none but this group can be responsible.‡ Since, then, the working of the Plan largely determines the conditions of private life in Russia, there is no doubt that these conditions have been imposed on the mass of individual Russians by the small dominant group.

Now, partly as a result of the application of the Plan, and partly owing to other political arrangements, it is impossible for any one of the mass of individual Russians

* Emile Burns, *op. cit.*, 10-12, 113. I refer to this book henceforth as Burns.

† *cf.*, *e.g.*, Maurice Dobb, *op. cit.*, chaps. i and ii, and *passim* (I refer to this book henceforth as Dobb); S. N. Prokopovitch in *Annales de l'Economie Collective*, 98 (I refer to his article henceforth as Prokopovitch).

‡ *cf.*, *e.g.*, Dobb, 318 *et seq.*

alive to-day to fulfil his manhood. When Aristotle declared that man is a political animal, *i.e.*, a social animal, he also pointed out that the ideal purpose for which men live in societies is that each should live well. He did not say that the ideal was attainable; he merely indicated it as the obvious ideal which human societies should hold before them. European Man has since agreed on the whole that he was being eminently reasonable. In Russia, however, what is being assiduously and systematically promoted is the direct opposite of this ideal. In Russia, of the mass of the people none can even grasp the shadow of well living. For in order to approach, however modestly, the ideal of living well, a man must remain an individual. But the internal policy of the Russian Government amounts primarily to the individual's obliteration.

I say nothing about the way in which, at the instigation of the Government, the individual Russian is discouraged from occasionally recollecting that he is a moral being, because, after all, such discouragement is not confined nowadays to Russia; and, moreover, it is not my theme. I say nothing either of the abolition by the Government of what is called freedom of thought, because, in practice, freedom of thought only means freedom to think one thinks what is advocated by those who appeal most crudely to one's emotions.

But it will surely not be disputed in either Western Europe or the East that a man cannot be approximating, however widely, to living well, if he may not be an individual in the sense of having some opportunity for following his own bent—both in his pleasure and in his work. He must at least be free to amuse himself as he pleases, alone or socially, and free to show initiative and enterprise in his work, whether he has initiative and enterprise or not. And I imagine it would not be disputed by any member of the Russian Government that this freedom is denied to the mass of individual Russians by their Government.

Of recreations in which the people can partake in droves, there are many where before there were none. Crowds of those who can hardly have suspected the

existence of plays and symphonies now find theatre-going and concert-going easy, for in the towns the theatres are both plentiful and cheap, and the concert-halls have several performances a day. Both are usually packed. Holiday gapers, too, throng the museums and art galleries.* But while anybody is free to join a procession and wander uncomfortably through an art gallery, that knowledge of art which is possible only through its practice is on the way to being lost there where it has always flourished. That is to say, the decorative handicrafts of the villages are gradually being supplanted by factory production.† Then also the industrial worker may go for his pleasure to the trade union, or factory, club. Such clubs are numerous, and while many are "installed in former churches or the old houses of the wealthy", others are "housed in new buildings, constructed at great expense and furnished with startling luxury".‡ And there are many other kinds of circles and groups.§ But in all these "the individual is never alone, but always merged in the mass".|| Further, "on top of work, when work is done, everybody has a number of functions to perform which are in the nature of obligatory social services". The worker's time is occupied "to such an extent that he can never obtain any private leisure and is never left to himself at all".¶

If individuality is thus banished from pleasure, it is equally discouraged in work. The proletariat, ostensibly dictating, is actually being subordinated ever more strictly to labour discipline.** "The Russian worker in State industry has . . . no right to strike".†† State industry is organized on a semi-military basis. Even more to my point, the way in which it is organized results in a "paralysis of all responsibility and initiative".‡‡ Russian industry is short of specialists, yet what specialists there are "are perpetually under a cloud of suspicion".§§ That specialists can be subjected to more than suspicion

* Arthur Feiler, *op. cit.*, 31-2. I henceforth refer to this admirably balanced and extremely interesting study—very well translated—as, Feiler.

† Feiler, 143.

¶ *idem*, 242-3.

‡ *idem*, 33.

** *idem*, 138.

§ *idem*, 242.

†† *idem*, 131.

§§ *idem*, 100.

|| *idem*, 242.

‡‡ Feiler, 234.

the much-trumpeted Moscow trial last year has lately reminded us; and that trial, it must be borne in mind, was but a repetition on a larger scale of the Schachty trial. In the State factories, too, the lot of a manager is not a happy one. Although interference by the factory cell or by the workers' committee, formerly encouraged, is now no longer tolerated,* the workers' committee of a factory still has a voice in the settlement of all important questions affecting the enterprise.† The manager has to attend its meetings, and also the meetings of delegates and councillors and the production conferences,‡ and these take place out of hours. That is to say, in his spare time the manager has to explain what he has done and produce convincing reasons for whatever he thinks fit to do. He not only has to work hard all day, but also has to justify himself before or after the work is done. Moreover, he may at any moment be "reduced to the ranks", deprived of his post, and sent "to do practical work at the machine".§ There is no security whatever about the tenure of office, and it is difficult to see how, in such circumstances, a manager can have any genuine enthusiasm for his job. Further, he is liable to be called, entirely without reason, before the representative of the political police and asked to produce assurances of his political orthodoxy.||

Outside the towns conditions of this order are certainly no better. Of the gradual extinction of the village handicrafts I have already spoken. Then, early last year, the dominant group of men who really govern Russia found it necessary to call a halt in the compulsory collectivization of farms and of dwelling-houses and small cattle;¶ but that does not mean that collectivization itself, a policy against which the strong individualism of the peasant naturally rebels, is or will be abandoned. The Plan provides for "the active collectivization of the small and middle-size peasant holdings", which will "strike at the very foundation of village individualism", and for a "wholesale collectivization of entire villages,

* Prokopovitch, 53.

§ Feiler, 126.

† Burns, 106.

|| *cf.*, e.g., Dobb, 387.

‡ Feiler, 128.

¶ Feiler, 252.

townships, and districts".* Further, the Government wages an implacable war against "the most industrious, most progressive, and most enterprising peasant",† the *kulak* (literally, *fist*). That is to say, in the villages, industriousness, initiative, and enterprise are heavily penalized. A *kulak* is a peasant "who carries on trade or speculation in addition to his husbandry", who employs others for payment and derives profit from their work. The peasant who has succeeded in putting himself in a position to be a *kulak* must have outstanding qualities, and although these may not be all such as we unanimously esteem, at least he is following his bent, and, also, he is making the most of his life. Regarding the treatment of the *kulak*, Mr. Grinko, vice-chairman of the State Commission (Gosplan) responsible for the Plan, says :‡

True enough, the Soviet agricultural tax weighs *rather heavily* upon the kulak holdings. The law even provides for so-called individual taxation, the heaviest of all, for such farming units as are clearly labour-exploiting enterprises. (His italics.)

Then, again, the co-operative sales organization in the rural areas, into the network of which every effort is made to draw the "collective farms",§ is subjected to an oppression worse than it ever suffered under the Tsars.|| It is laid down in the Plan that "co-operation must fulfil the economic and cultural tasks of a class nature which the proletariat imposes".¶

Finally, among the bars to so much as a sketch of living well, I may mention the gigantic spy system, professional and amateur, which is ramified all over the country. "The whole population," Mr. Feiler remarks,** "lives under a system of espionage which is carried to such a point that no person any longer trusts another, that even Communists mistrust each other, and that over the whole country hangs an atmosphere of fear and intimidation like a perpetual, intolerable oppression. . . . Almost

* G. T. Grinko, *op. cit.*, 143-5. I refer to this book henceforth as, Grinko.

† Feiler, 149. ‡ Grinko, 167. § Burns, 211. || Prokopovitch, 71.

¶ *The Five Years' Plan*, II, vol. ii, 92-5, *cit. apud* Prokopovitch, 71.

** Feiler, 196-7.

worse even is the dread of responsibility, often evinced by men in high positions when they have to make the most trifling decisions without being previously authorized by a committee resolution."

From such testimony it is evident that what now prevails in Russia is that Chigalevism which Peter Verkhovensky describes in *The Possessed*, when he says:

He [Chigalev] has invented "equality". In his system, every member of society has an eye on everyone else. To tell tales is a duty. The individual belongs to the community and the community belongs to the individual. All are slaves and equal in their bondage.

Even Dostoievsky, however, might be surprised if he could see how completely Chigalevism has been established in a country covering one-sixth of the earth's land surface.

Moreover, it must not be imagined that this obliteration of the individual which is going on throughout Russia is only an incidental concomitant of the Russian Government's economic policy. On the contrary, it is an integral part of that Government's political programme. This is nowhere made more clear than in the directions laid down for the teaching of the young. Mrs. Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, writes, for instance:*

At the ages between seven and twelve, when the social instinct, the tendency to do everything together, is so clearly defined in the child, it is particularly important to strengthen the collective emotions. Art can play here a very large rôle. Through art we must stimulate the child to become aware of his thoughts and feelings. . . . We must aid the child in making such knowledge of self a means of knowing others, a means of closer contact with the collective.

"It is particularly important to strengthen the collective emotions." The child must be aided to treat awareness of self "as a means of closer contact with the collective". These directions emphasize the dominant note in Russian educational practice. In all the countless schools of Russia, children are being brought up to consider

* *Cit.* Albert Pinkevitch, *op. cit.*

themselves as cells or molecules composing the one really independent organism, the Collective. They are being taught to forget as much as possible that they are individuals.

Altogether, then, there can be no mistake that the mass of individual Russians, adult and young, both at play and at work, are being compelled by their Government to deny satisfaction to a strong and profound human impulse—an impulse thanks to which so much in history has been achieved, and an impulse by obeying which we gain a great part of our joy in being alive. When such an impulse is thus curbed and discouraged, there can surely be no question, I say, of so much as approaching the ideal of living well.

II

But, as regards the conditions of life imposed on Russians to-day, that is not all.

These conditions are such that it is impossible for the mass of individual Russians to make the most of their lives in a material way. The Quinquennial Plan provides for an aggregate capital accumulation during the whole period of its operation of 64·5 milliard roubles (chervonetz). This is a colossal sum. It is, Mr. Dobb has pointed out,* a volume of capital accumulation representing over a quarter of the national income. For such an accumulation to be even attempted—and it is certainly doubtful if the full amount proposed can be attained†—the population of the country must accept privation. Accordingly, to begin with, salaries and wages are low.‡ They are low for the factory worker, and his purchasing power suffers an additional reduction owing to the compulsory State loans, for which 5 per cent. of the salary or wages is levied.§ But they are lower still for persons in many other occupations—schoolmasters, for instance.|| As for

* *Spectator*, April 12, 1930, p. 625.

† V. Prokopovitch, 86-7.

‡ For salaries and wages *v.*, *e.g.*, Prokopovitch, 94-5; Feiler, 28-9; Report of the Delegation to Russia of Fédération Nationale Française des Co-opératives de Consommation, in *Annales de l'Économie Collective*, 128-9.

§ Feiler, 60; Prokopovitch, 94.

|| Prokopovitch, 94.

the peasant, he is in the worst case of all, as the prices of agricultural produce are relatively much lower than the prices of industrially produced consumption goods.* The peasant is able to exchange the product of his labour for much less than the town worker exchanges his.

But, in any case, the actual amount of cash in the individual Russian's pocket does not matter, because however much money he might have, the requisites of a decent material existence are not for sale. Under the Plan, the capital resources of the country—which are, of course, in the hands of the Government—are being concentrated upon the development of heavy industry, at the expense of the industries producing consumption goods, of agriculture, and of housing. The Plan includes an impressive programme of housing, if this programme is viewed in isolation,† but in order that the transformation of Russia, now a preponderantly agrarian country, into a leading industrial country, shall be attempted, the funds allocated to housing are smaller than they might be, and, owing to the extent of Russia's annual increase of population—3½ millions—owing to the volume of migration from the country to the town,‡ and also as a consequence of the suspension of building during both the War and the civil wars, they are certainly not adequate. Clothing is not only of poor quality,§ it is also scarce. Since Russia, wishing to develop its heavy industry at all costs, has to buy machinery abroad for the purpose, and cannot obtain foreign credits, quantities of agricultural produce, *e.g.*, wheat, are being exported to pay for the machinery, although this produce is not really surplus to domestic requirements.

These things are freely admitted by the Russian Government itself. "The country", *The Five-Years' Plan* says,|| "is to forego the satisfaction of its present consumption requirements." "The Plan", says Mr. M. Bogolepov,¶ "is a circle of steel constricting the consumer." Even if, in the matter of housing, the Plan is completely

* Prokopovitch, 62 sq.

† Grinko, 223-33.

‡ Feiler, 19.

§ Prokopovitch, 94.

|| I, 74, *cit.* Prokopovitch, 83.

¶ *Planovoe Khoziaistvo* (Planned Economy)—the organ of Gosplan—1929, III, 283, *cit.* Prokopovitch, 83.

carried out, the average dwelling-area *per caput* in 1932-3, the last year to which the Plan applies, will be only 6.9 square metres, or about 20 per cent. below the "sanitary norm," fixed by the Government.*

Those who are thrusting this economic Plan on the nation are the first to recognize that it altogether prevents the mass of individual Russians from making the most of their lives in a material way.

III

So far I have been saying that the Russian Government's domestic policy imposes a double sacrifice on the great mass of individual Russians. On the one hand, each is driven to abnegate his self, and, on the other hand, none can satisfy his material needs fully. This double sacrifice has, of course, a reason. It is being imposed, and the imposition is suffered, for a cause. The cause is the realization of the aim which the Government's policy is said to have in view.

The immediate purpose for which the Quinquennial Plan has been drawn up and put into operation is, the Government says, the transformation of Russia into one of the leading industrial countries. It is proposed to make Russia self-sufficient industrially. But other countries have become industrialized, other countries have become self-sufficient industrially, and more than self-sufficient, without resort to "the dictatorship of the proletariat", as the Russian form of government is styled by the governors. Moreover, no benefits can accrue to the inhabitants of Russia from mere industrialization that would not be obtainable under a different political and economic régime. This immediate purpose, indeed, is only a step in the attainment of a declared aim a great deal more far-reaching.

Whether or not it will prove possible fully to carry out the Plan—and of that I shall have a word to say later—after the five years to which it applies have elapsed,

* Georg Kiser, *The Housing Problem in the Soviet Union*, *Annales de l'Économie Collective*, 216.

a second Plan, to apply to a further period, will be necessary, and after that a third, and so on. But eventually, so the Government declares, there will be a transformation of the conditions of life and a transformation of human nature, and a new era will dawn. The dictatorship of the proletariat, even as Marx and Engels laid down, is to be no more than "a temporary phenomenon", a necessity of the transition from a regime of capitalist economy to this new era. And it is for the sake of the coming of this era that the Russian Government, so it declares, is imposing on the mass of individual Russians the double sacrifice I have described.

To-day the State in Russia tries to control everything. Being practically the sole capitalist in the country, it is a State more powerful than other States, and its power it exercises to the full. But when the new era has dawned, there will be no State whatever. The State will have withered away. Engels wrote (and Lenin has echoed him):*

As soon as there is no longer any social class which has to be kept in subjection, as soon as class dominion has been abolished and therewith an end been made to the struggle for existence, and the consequent collisions and excesses arising out of the extant anarchy of production, there will be nothing left to repress, and therefore nothing which will necessitate the existence of a special repressive authority, a State. . . . In one domain after another, the intervention of a State authority in social relations becomes superfluous, and therefore spontaneously ceases to occur. The Government of persons is replaced by the administration of things and by the management of the processes of production. The State is not "abolished", it dies out.

When the stage in human development thus predicted is reached, "humanity", Engels said also,† "will leap from the kingdom of necessity into the kingdom of freedom".

Such is the end which the Russian Government claims that it will attain thanks to its peculiar political and

* Friedrich Engels, *Anti-Dühring*, 102-3, *cit. Com. Man.*, Notes, 197. *cit. G. Plekhanov, op. cit.*, 85. I refer henceforth to this book as, Plekhanov.

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economic régime. The Russian State has been hypertrophied only that it may atrophy. The present bondage of Russians is but the price of their future freedom.

What is obvious is that, even if the new era can be engineered in this or in any other way, it certainly cannot arrive for a very long time. So much the members of the Russian Government have themselves strongly insisted upon. Before the new era can dawn, human nature must be transformed. Lenin wrote :

The *anticipation* of the great socialists that it *will* arrive assumes neither the present productive powers of labour, *nor the present* unthinking man in the street, capable of spoiling, without reflection, the stores of social wealth, and of demanding the impossible.

In fact, for the new era to arrive, there will have to be, as Mr. Laski—from whom I have taken the above passage, and, I believe, the italics—has said,* “a different human nature, or, at least, a human nature which expresses itself in different wants from the present”. And, however competent in the matter the Russian Government may feel, for it to make human nature different, or the wants of human nature different, it will require time. Hence the Russian Government points to the new society only “as the outcome of a long evolution”; the ideal is to be achieved “by a later generation than our own”.†

Certainly then, if ever the new era dawns, every Russian now alive will have long been dead.

IV

Now the members of the Russian Government, those who are imposing on the mass of individual Russians a double sacrifice for the sake of something, as they themselves say, temporally very remote, call themselves materialists. Some kind of metaphysical theory named materialism is the sole answer given in Russia, with the Government's approval, to questions regarding the

* H. J. Laski, *Communism*, 75.

† *idem*, *op. cit.*, 166.

mystery of things. This same theory is inculcated upon the young in all the schools; it is propagated among adults by means of literature and periodicals, and of monster processions, and in a variety of other ways. The theory is the avowed basis of the Government's political doctrine.

Mr. Laski has contended that economic determinism, or the materialist interpretation of history, which is the Russian Government's political doctrine, has no connexion with metaphysical materialism.* That is not the opinion of the Russian Government. Its opinion is manifest in the steps which it has taken, and is taking, to convert the Russian people to its own notion of metaphysical materialism. Its opinion is also manifest in its official literature. Opening a doctrinal textbook, issued under the auspices of the Russian Government, I read :†

Marxism is contemporary materialism, the highest stage of development of that philosophy, that view of the universe, whose foundations were laid down in ancient Greece by Democritus.

There is the Russian Government's view.

What the metaphysical theory amounts to as a whole in the eyes of the members of the Russian Government one need not enquire. But certainly it is a theory according to which man is only matter. So much, at any rate, the members of the Russian Government undoubtedly believe, or think they believe. Turning again to the doctrinal textbook, I find :‡

My body, considered as a whole, is my actual "self", my true entity. What thinks is not the abstract being [with which the idealist philosophy operates], but this real being, this body.

A few pages later, the following words of Huxley's are quoted with approval :§

Surely no one who is cognizant of the facts of the case, nowadays, doubts that the roots of psychology lie in the physiology of the nervous system. What we call the operations of the mind are functions of the brain.

* Laski, *op. cit.*, 77.

† Plekhanov, 1.

‡ *idem*, 9.

§ T. H. Huxley, *Hume*, 80, *cit. Plekhanov*, 14.

The two passages, there is no doubt, are to be taken as asserting that man is only matter. Of course, I cannot pretend that both passages are not ambiguous; and I cannot pretend either that I am able to apprehend the meaning of the words: man is only matter. But whatever they mean, if indeed they can mean anything, this at least is certain: the statement that man is only matter must imply that when a man is dead, there has been a complete end of him. If a man's self is only his body, if the operations of the human mind are only functions of the human brain, then obviously the self must die when the body dies and the mind must cease to operate when the brain ceases to function. From this, I am confident, not a single member of the Russian Government would dissent.

If, however, men perish completely when they die, what justification can there be for compelling each of the mass of individual Russians now alive to abnegate his self and deny his material needs for the sake of helping to establish a Golden Age in the very dim future?

The individual man, the Russian Government says, must not be self-regarding; he must understand that he is a cell or molecule of the one real organism, the Collective. But if, when he dies, there is a complete end of him, obviously he can only be a cell or molecule of the Collective which exists while he is alive. By no manner of reasoning can it be maintained that he is a cell or molecule of Collectives that will, it is admitted, long remain unborn.

The doctrine that man is only matter is altogether irreconcilable with the theory, according to which the Russian Government professes to be acting, that the individual man alive to-day must forego fulfilling his manhood and must renounce making the most of his life in a material way for the benefit of a posterity incalculably remote.

That theory could only be justified by some doctrine of metempsychosis, whereby not only man would be endowed with a soul, but whereby also the soul of a man alive to-day would be reincarnated in a member of the

distant posterity for whom he is now being compelled to make such great sacrifices.

Here, clearly, we have a contradiction fissuring the whole ideological structure upon which the Russian Government claims that it is basing its statecraft.

v

The contradiction is truly Marxian. Marx himself fell into it.

By the teachers and thinkers of Antiquity money-grubbing was not regarded with any particular veneration. The phrase "filthy lucre" ("*turpe lucrum*") is, of course, St. Paul's. As Marx points out, Aristotle distinguished between economics and chrematistics, or the art of money-making, and condemned the latter as being an end in itself.* Aristotle also declared, for instance, that merchandizing rendered a man unfit for statesmanship, because it was ignoble and destructive of virtue.† Before Aristotle, Pythagoras divided human beings into three classes and put in the lowest class those whose main interest is buying and selling.‡

But with the rise of capitalism teachers and thinkers came to take an opposite view. In the seventeenth century, for example, there was Bunyan and there was Richard Baxter. For them profit-making was a duty. With the industrial revolution in full swing, the view became more extreme: profit-making was ranked as a virtue in itself. The man who made a profit came to be regarded as thereby acquiring a moral superiority over his fellows. In England the classical economists, Smith, Ricardo, and especially McCulloch, adopted Locke's principle that a man has an innate right to that with which he has mingled his labour, and argued that on this principle the entrepreneur's reward is just. It was against their argument that Marx rose up in indignation.

And he had no difficulty in demonstrating its fallacy.

* *De Repub.*, I, caps. 8 and 9, *cit. Capital*, I (new translation by E. and C. Paul, London, 1928), 137-8.

† *Polit.*, 1328b.

‡ Burnet, *Early Greek Philos.*, 98.

Locke's principle could apply only in a natural society, where each man worked for himself, and competition was equal. In arguing that the entrepreneur's reward was justified by Locke's principle, the classical economists were assuming that in actual societies also competition is equal and there is no such thing as monopoly. Marx pointed out that, on the contrary, in actual societies the man with labour-power to sell and the man with labour-power to buy do not meet on equal competitive terms, since the latter has a monopoly of the means of production. The divorce of the worker from the means of production he called "primary accumulation".* Capitalism, in fact, works according to a law which is the antithesis of the principle on which those who would justify it try to base it. Marx's argument here is summed up in a short passage he quotes from Cherbulliez, as follows:† "The law of appropriation is a law whose fundamental principle is the very opposite; namely, that every labourer has an exclusive right to the ownership of what he produces." The classical economists asserted the equality of man. So did Marx. But, he said, if justice demands human equality, then capitalism means injustice, for capitalism exists thanks only to human inequality.

But, having demonstrated the existence of the injustice, Marx did not go on to consider what steps could be taken to alleviate it forthwith and with human nature remaining as it is. All schemes for the patching up here and there of the productive engine, so that it should work less unjustly, he condemned as socialism, in contradistinction to his own remedy of communism; and of socialism he distinguished several species, which he contemptuously labelled, "petty-bourgeois socialism", "feudalistic socialism", "true socialism", etc.‡ Already in his lifetime the lot of the labourer was being improved, as it has continued being improved, thanks to the State's regulation of the labourer's relations with the entrepreneur. Upon all such improvement Marx turned a blind eye. Whereas the so-called Revisionist Marxists of Western Europe were to welcome every immediate reform

* *Capital*, I, 792.

† *Capital*, I, 179n.

‡ *Com. Man.*, 54-63, and Notes, 199-231.

in this direction, and, while their ultimate goal was to remain that of Marx,* were to devote themselves largely to securing further partial but immediate reforms, Marx insisted that under capitalism the labourer's lot must grow worse, and nothing less would satisfy him than a revolution in the organization of production, even though this must involve a transformation of human nature, and consequently could not take place, if at all, for a very long time.

Marx's protest was a protest against the injustice done to individuals alive then and there. There was no question of men being only cells or molecules composing the one real organism, the Community or State. For, of course, if the one real organism is the State or the Community, there is no case for human equality. On the contrary, it can easily be shown that the welfare of the State or Community may very well benefit by inequality. Only on the ground that men are individuals, living together, as Aristotle says, not of necessity, but in order that each may live well, is there any cogency in the charge of injustice against capitalism. And Marx's complaint was just this: that capitalism denies to a mass of living individuals the least opportunity of trying to live well. It was a complaint taking its stand on the fact that men are every one a distinct individual.

But when Marx came to prescribe a remedy for the injustice, the individuals then alive, and then and there suffering under the injustice, were left to their fate. The remedy was to take effect, if ever, in the far distant future, when all those individuals would be dead. And, as I say, any step to palliate the lot of those living individuals he vigorously condemned, as being likely to interfere with the preparation of the remote remedy.

Yet, like the members of the Russian Government to-day, Marx was a materialist. He too believed that man is only matter, that the individual man, once dead, is altogether no more. The Master of Balliol, in his valuable little introduction to Marx,† has contended that Marx's materialism was but the expression of his

* cf., e.g., Karl Kautsky, *The Labour Revolution* (London, 1925).

† A. D. Lindsay, *Karl Marx's Capital*, 31-5.

passionate sense of the need for action. It was merely the dogma of the prophet. Such a contention Marx, we may be sure, would not have allowed for a moment, any more than the Russian Government allows it. A theory of metaphysical materialism forms the very basis of all Marx's constructive doctrine. Marx was not content with having, as it were, made Ricardo turn tail; he also claimed that he had made Hegel turn a somersault. It was thanks to his manipulation of Hegel, so he said, that he had come by the basis of his economic determinism. And what the manipulation amounted to was, that of Hegel's idealism he made a materialism. This is clear from the famous passage of the Second Preface to *Capital* which refers to Hegel. There Marx says :*

In my view . . . the ideal [*sc.* the mental or thought] is nothing other than the material when it has been transposed and translated inside the human head.

These words mean, according to Plekhanov in his exegesis of Marx,† that Marx was "convinced of the soundness of the basic principle of Feuerbach's philosophy", that Marx held with Feuerbach: "It is not thought which determines being, but being which determines thought." And, true enough, the words are but a rephrasing of this "basic principle of Feuerbach's philosophy". What the principle implies, Plekhanov says also,‡ is that "thought is an activity of the brain, and 'the brain is only an organ of thought in so far as it is connected with a human head and a human body'". § Elsewhere Plekhanov remarks :|| "If you come across anyone who tries to provide a 'new philosophical foundation' for historical materialism, you may be sure that in this particular respect there must be great gaps in his knowledge, however well-informed he may be in other respects".

Marx, then, was a metaphysical materialist. Indeed, it was only because of that that he was able to interpret history as the record of a process of economic determinism; and it was only because he so interpreted history that he was able to predict the triumph of the proletariat.

* *Capital*, I, 873.

† Plekhanov, 26-7.

‡ *idem*, 20.

§ Feuerbach, *Works*, II, 362-3, *cif.* Plekhanov, *ibid.*

|| Plekhanov, 22.

It may be noted that if the Master of Balliol tries to explain away Marx's materialism, it is that he finds the materialism inconsistent with the rest of constructive Marxism. He says :*

To assert that this belief in materialism is the essence of Marx and of his economic determinism is to assert that Marx was in essence an individualist.

Actually it turns out that the Master means something else, but, stated in this way, the inconsistency scented by him in Marxism, and which he tries vainly to argue away, bears a close resemblance to the contradiction I am pointing out. It cannot, however, be argued away, because without materialism constructive Marxism is unintelligible.

II

HEAVEN ON EARTH

I

Marx's remedy for the injustice which he diagnosed as inherent in the capitalist system, the only remedy, according to Marx, and the one which is going inevitably to be produced, is the establishment of a Golden Age. It is in order to produce this remedy—in time—that the Russian Government, so it declares, is demanding the sacrifices it does from the mass of individual Russians now alive. The problem which the Russian Government claims that it is engaged in solving is, in fact, what Dostoevsky called "an atheistic problem". Dostoevsky understood that, although Marx might be at one time an individualist and at another time not an individualist, he yet had to be a materialist. The problem, Dostoevsky said, is "the problem of the incarnation of atheism, the problem of a Tower of Babel to be made

* Lindsay, *op. cit.*, 33.

without God, not in order to reach Heaven from earth, but to bring Heaven down to earth”.

Is it in the least believable that the Russian Government really is solving this problem ?

The Russian Government affirms that the problem will be solved inevitably. The new era is bound to dawn. The affirmation is offered at once as an explanation of how the Russian Government itself comes to be charged with the mission which it professes it is fulfilling and as an assurance that what the accomplishment of the mission demands as its pre-requisite, the transformation of human nature, is feasible. But the affirmation is neither the one nor the other.

In making it, the Russian Government is faithfully following Marx. He contended that the logical deduction from the class struggles of the past, which are recorded in history, is that at some time in the future there will be an end of classes—inevitably. He and Engels also contended that for effecting the successive transformations of societies in the past the necessary leaders have always arisen, and that from this it is to be inferred that for the final transformation, since that is inevitable, the necessary leaders will arise also. It is on the strength of this second contention that the Russian Government claims that it is entrusted by destiny with the mission of building the inverted Tower of Babel. But, of course, the contention furnishes no warrant for such a claim. The contention is, that the necessary leaders will arise ; it is not the contention that the members of the Russian Government are those necessary leaders. On the contrary, Marx and Engels, with their experience of the revolutions of 1848 and of the second Paris Commune, were well aware that men may spring up who are convinced of being the instruments chosen by destiny to effect the liberation of the proletariat and begin “*la lutte finale*”, only to learn, by putting their conviction to the practical test, that they are mistaken. What is more likely than that the members of the Russian Government are but one more set of such men ? The Russian Government’s answer, no doubt, is that, even if it is not destined to build the new Tower of Babel, the

experience gained from its attempt, just like the experience gained from the attempts of the leaders of 1848 and of the Commune of 1871, will be useful to those who are eventually produced to undertake the building. But this is to say that in the attempts of groups of men to bring about the abolition of classes there is no guarantee that the abolition is possible.

In any case, the abolition depends on the feasibility of transforming human nature. Marx regarded the feasibility as assured on the grounds he states in the following passage :*

At a certain stage of development, the material productive forces of society come into conflict with the existing productive relations, or (to express the matter in legal terminology), with the property relations within which they have hitherto moved. These relations, which have previously favoured the development of the forces of production, now become fetters on production. A period of social revolution then begins. *Concomitantly with the change in the economic foundation, the whole gigantic superstructure is more or less rapidly transformed. . . .* No type of social structure ever perishes until there has been developed all the productive forces for which it has room ; and new and higher forces of production never appear on the scene until the material conditions of existence requisite for their development have matured within the womb of the old society. That is why mankind never sets itself any tasks which it is not able to perform, for when we look closely into the matter we shall always find that the demand for the new enterprise only arises when the material conditions of existence are ripe for its successful performance—or at any rate have begun to ripen. (Italics mine.)

Regarding the feasibility of transforming human nature, the essential statement in this passage is the one I have underlined. For its intelligence, one must understand what Marx means by "superstructure". As to that, he says elsewhere :†

Upon the various forms of property, upon the social conditions of existence, there is erected a whole superstructure of sensations, illusions, ways of thinking, outlooks on life, of the most diversified kinds.

* *Critique of Political Economy*, preface, cit. Plekhanov, 49-50.

† cit. Plekhanov, 42.

As Plekhanov remarks, in giving the passage, this is but an elaboration of Marx's fundamental tenet: "Being determines thought." Marx's thesis, then, is this: that as a revolution in the organization of production becomes due in the course of the process recorded by history, the disposition which the people must have to enable them to live in the new order of things is inevitably developed in them in advance. To ensure the final sweeping away of classes, which is, Marx says, the change which must next occur in the process, there will inevitably take place the pre-requisite modification of human nature.

Admitting for the moment that, as regards the past, Marx is right to the extent that when a period of social revolution becomes due, *i.e.*, begins, the people's "sensations, illusions, ways of thinking, outlooks on life" also begin to change, we yet have no reason in this for believing that the development of the economic (or historical) process can produce a change in human nature. For a change in people's "sensations, illusions, ways of thinking, outlooks on life" is not a change in human nature. History may, if one likes, be said to show that people's ways of thinking, their outlook on life, etc., have indeed changed at various times. It cannot be said to show that human nature has changed. On the contrary, so far as anything is to be gleaned from the study of history, it is that the human being has always been fundamentally the same. There is not the least suggestion in history that human beings on the whole have not always sought their own individual advantage in a material way, even though this has meant the deprivation of others. Hence the prediction that human nature is surely going to be modified in the future cannot derive its justification from what has happened in the past.

To this the Russian Government must reply that if the feasibility of transforming human nature is not vouchsafed by history, at least history shows clearly that the sweeping away of classes must occur, and, since the sweeping away demands as a pre-requisite that human nature shall be transformed, we may rest assured that the transformation will occur—inevitably, even if we have

no experience of such a change having occurred in the past. The reply assumes the correctness of the materialist interpretation of history.

This view of history is not only the view that the course of events is determined by men's material needs and the growth of those needs which accompanies the development of the means of production; it is also the view that the events form a process and that the process is a particular dialectical evolution, viz., a dialectical evolution culminating in the sweeping away of classes. It must at once be obvious that history, by which can only be meant the partial and inaccurate record by fallible men of some of the but fragmentarily known events of the past, offers no ground whatever for such a view. Suppose we accept the declaration of the *Communist Manifesto*: "The history of all human society, past and present, has been the history of class struggles".* All that can be deduced from this generalization, if anything, is that the future history of all human society will be the history of class struggles. But why should we agree with the *Communist Manifesto*? The *Manifesto*, in interpreting history as it does, takes it for granted that history can be interpreted. It assumes that history reveals events as governed by certain laws. But history cannot be interpreted; history reveals nothing of the kind. The difficulties which preclude the extraction of so-called laws of history from its study have been well stated by Pareto. He says :†

[The difficulties] are of two kinds. First, and this is the more favourable case for the use of the method, suppose that we have available for study a well-defined and measurable phenomenon. What we must then do is make what mathematicians call an interpolation outside the limits. How uncertain and often wrong the results are is well known. If social phenomena were subject to uniform increase (or decrease), one might easily deduce the future from the past; one would have observed that a phenomenon had increased in intensity in the past, and one would deduce that it must go on increasing still further in intensity in the future. But social phenomena usually display an

* *Com. Man*, 25.

† Vilfredo Pareto, *Les Systèmes Socialistes*, I, 349 et seq.

undulating advance. There are periods in which the intensity increases, others in which it decreases. It is very difficult to tell whether or not the period of increase observed so far is not going sooner or later to be followed by a period of decrease. . . .

Then a much greater difficulty arises; it amounts to this, that the phenomena which one wishes to interpolate are neither measurable nor even well defined. In this case, the alleged law, deduced from observation of the past, is as a rule no more than a pure illusion; it represents only certain relations existing among the almost vague feelings that the study of that past has aroused in us.

So much for the so-called laws of history in general. As regards the particular law which Marx claimed that he had discovered, there is also this to be said: He regarded his law as having been come by "scientifically"; his so-called law is simply a hypothesis. But what is the cornerstone of the Baconian or "scientific" method? It is the employment of the principle which Bacon called, *Exclusiva*. A hypothesis is to be regarded as true when the facts of experience disprove all its rivals. But the facts of experience do not disprove all the rival hypotheses of the nature of the course of history. Far from it. As the honest Plekhanov frankly admits,* the materialist interpretation of history still awaits its experimental confirmation. Hence, all Marx's prodigious learning, all his enormous industry, and his often mordant style, cannot disguise the fact that his economic determinism is merely a notion which has occurred to him, as a hundred other notions might occur to anyone. Referring to the so-called Utopists, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Owen, etc., the *Communist Manifesto* says:† "In their case, individual inventiveness had to take the place of social activity . . . a social organization evolved out of the thinker's inner consciousness was the only available substitute for the gradually developing organization of the proletariat to form a class." But Marx too relied exclusively on his "individual inventiveness"; his interpretation of history too is but the product of his "inner consciousness". According to Lange,‡ Feuerbach, from whom, as we have

* Plekhanov, 80.

† *Com. Man.*, 64.

‡ F. A. Lange, *History of Materialism*, II, 247.

seen, Marx took his "basic" philosophical principle, philosophized by "divination". Marx himself had no other method.

In short, there is not the slightest reason for believing that the Russian Government is actually engaged, as it professes to be, in bringing heaven down to earth. So far as that goes, the double sacrifice which it is imposing on the mass of individual Russians is being made in vain.

II

If, however, the goal towards which the Russian Government claims that its whole internal statecraft is being directed must be regarded as visionary, there remains, it may be said, the possibility that that statecraft will eventually result in something less ambitious, no doubt, but nevertheless desirable. There may arise in time a prosperous industrialized Russia, a Russia in which everyone will be decently educated, properly housed and fed, and work short hours, in which—as the case is already—racial minorities will be protected, in which the arts will flourish, and so on. If Russia cannot be metamorphosed into Eldorado, at least it may be on the way to becoming a Slav version of the United States in the latter's palmiest days. And perhaps that will happen, it may be added, in a comparatively short time, thanks to the Russian Government's peculiar economic policy.

To this one has to reply that an examination of the provisions and operation of the Quinquennial Plan seems to show that, far from hastening the advent of "prosperity" in Russia, the Government's peculiar economic policy is foredoomed to failure. My authority here is Professor S. N. Prokopovitch. No doubt Professor Prokopovitch is not a supporter of the Russian Government. He now lives in Prague. But, as the author of *Economic Conditions in Soviet Russia*, he is well known to be a leading authority on Russian economics, and his conclusions regarding the Quinquennial Plan are drawn entirely from Russian official documents.

Apologists of the Plan dwell on the increase of production to which it has led. Taking the amount produced in 1913 as 100, gross production during the first year the Plan was in operation, 1928-9, amounted to 121, 11'77 milliard roubles (at pre-war prices) as against 8'43.* Thus gross production is above pre-war level. It is also in excess of the amount estimated in the Plan. The year 1928-9 was "completed with an increase in industrial production, not of 21'4 per cent. as contemplated in the Plan, but of 23'4 per cent".† The productivity of the State factories, the apologists also insist, is attaining to an ever higher and higher tempo.

But Professor Prokopovitch points out that, even if production has risen above the 1913 level, the actual increase cannot be shown in pre-war prices, because the prices of industrial goods are now about twice as high as they were in 1913. The price index of industrial goods for the first year of the Plan, 1928-9, was 187'4 (1913 = 100).‡ A system of trade monopoly such as now prevails in Russia inevitably determines, he adds, a rise in prices.§ Further, prices are, he says, even higher than they appear to be, owing to the decline in the quality of goods.|| If production has reached even the volume it has, this is, he says, because the factory workers, being encouraged to increase their productivity by remuneration on a piecework basis, are doing so at the cost of quality. "In certain branches of light industry", he quotes the *Trade and Industry Gazette* as saying, "quality has declined beyond the limit at which an increase in production becomes more harmful than useful." Great quantities of products have to be rejected. The Workmen's and Peasants' Inspection Commission had to reject 46 per cent. of a supply of cloth put out by a factory as being "without flaw". At the factory named "The Woman Peasant", 340 pieces of cloth were examined and every one had to be rejected. So with shoes. At the factory "The Harbinger of the Storm", 108 pairs out of 310 were defective. The clothing industry is likewise turning out poor work. In a consignment of

* Grinko, 34.

† Prokopovitch, 42.

§ *idem*, 84.

† *idem*, 68.

|| *idem*, 84.

jackets many were found with one side bigger than the other. The Workmen's and Peasants' Inspection Commission considers that this decline in quality is due to the clothing industry's efforts to lower costs.* I may add that, under the Plan, a factory is expected to show a profit, and it can do so only by making its actual costs lower than the Plan has estimated they will be. The decline in quality is also marked in the products of heavy industry. A surprising proportion of steel rails have to be rejected. The tyres of railway wheels can be re-ground only twice. The number of broken railway axles had doubled between 1925-6 and 1928-9.†

However, the real weakness of the Plan, according to Professor Prokopovitch, lies in its general financial provisions and in its treatment of agriculture.

The Plan provides, as I have said, for a total capital accumulation during the period to which it extends of more than a quarter of the national income. The ratio of accumulation to total production during the five years is to be, it says, 30·5:100.‡ Between 1927-8 and 1932-3 it is estimated that there will be an increase in capital accumulation of 80·6 per cent.§ If such a capital accumulation actually took place, it would, Professor Prokopovitch says, be 70 per cent. higher than the average of capital accumulation observed in the most advanced capitalist countries.|| But that is not all. According to the Plan, of the sum which it estimates will be available for reinvestment in agriculture, 80 per cent. is to be accumulated by individual peasants. How does the Russian Government know, asks Professor Prokopovitch, that the individual peasants will come forward with this particular sum? The Plan also estimates, he says, that the peasants will provide 3·8 milliard roubles for agricultural collectivization. On what, he asks, is this estimate based?¶

No political dictatorship can force the peasants working

* Russian Trade and Industry Gazette, Sept. 24 and 25, 1929, *cit.* Prokopovitch, 42-3.

† *Economicheskaya Jizn* (Economic Life), July 17, 1929, *cit.* Prokopovitch, 44.

‡ Prokopovitch, 83.

§ *idem*, 90.

|| *idem*, 91.

¶ Prokopovitch, 72-3.

individually to increase their accumulations for the development of their land, he points out. On the contrary, the strong fiscal pressure to which the peasants are subjected and the rise in the prices of goods bought by the peasants must lead to a diminution of the amount of money they will reinvest. Already, at the beginning of the operation of the Plan, the slowing down of agricultural development was evident.* So much is admitted by the Russian Government's figures. According to these, agricultural production in 1926-7 was 106.5 (1913 = 100), and in 1927-8, 105.6. It is true that in 1928-9 it had risen to 107.5.† Allowing for the increase in population, however, the rise, as compared with 1913, is not very considerable.

That agriculture will forge ahead under the operation of the Plan to the extent which the Plan estimates is obviously unlikely, in view of the Plan's discrimination against the more industrious peasants and its treatment of the peasant generally; and what must be the consequences of agriculture's failure to forge ahead are evident. As Professor Prokopovitch says,‡ the more successfully the war on the *kulak* is waged, the more the difficulties of obtaining an adequate food supply for the towns will increase. For the greater part of the marketed grain is still privately grown. Thus agriculture, he declares, remains the nightmare of the Russian Government.§

But if it does, that is by the Government's own choice. The Quinquennial Plan is only one of a number of programmes among which the Government had to choose.|| On the one hand, there was the so-called Trotskyist programme, according to which it would have been attempted to use the peasants' resources to a much greater extent for the development of industry. The peasants would have been treated "as a kind of colonial 'hinterland' for the socialist city and the socialist industrialization". On the other hand, there was the programme put forward by Mr. Bukharin, the leader of the "Right Wing" of the Soviet Congress, the programme of a slower pace in industrialization and a

* Prokopovitch, 92.

§ *idem*, 90.

† Grinko, 34.

|| Grinko, 53-5.

‡ Prokopovitch, 75.

greater development of agriculture, the latter being achieved both by means of State and collective farms and by means of the encouragement of individual farmers. Finally, there was the so-called "agrarian programme" of the agronomists, Professor Kondratiev, Mr. Albert Weinstein, Professor Makarov, and others. According to this, the development of industry would have been definitely subordinated to that of agriculture, but agriculture would have remained almost entirely in private hands and there would have been no attempt whatever to spread State capitalism in rural undertakings. Large quantities of agricultural produce would, under this programme, have been exchanged abroad for agricultural machinery. All idea of making Russia self-sufficient would have been abandoned.

Instead of one of these programmes, the Russian Government has adopted a policy which, in effect, is a policy creating class privileges for the urban worker, at the expense of the rest of the community and, especially, of the peasant. Dictatorship of the proletariat means in practice favouritism for the proletariat, the proletariat being constituted by those who work for hire in towns. As Professor Prokopovitch says,* it is the urban worker's children who secure first admission to schools, and both in the elementary and secondary schools the examinations they have to pass are less strict than those for other pupils. While the peasant still has to work eleven hours a day, the factory hand gets off with eight hours or less. Mr. Grinko says that the latter's average in 1927 was seven hours eighteen minutes.† Also, it is from the ranks of the urban workers that most of the candidates for responsible positions, not only in industry, but also in Government offices, on the Bench, and in the Army, are selected. It is this privileged position occupied by the urban worker in the community that accounts, according to Professor Prokopovitch, for the large volume of migration from the country to the town, which I have already mentioned.

The Quinquennial Plan simply observes the same discrimination in the factory worker's favour. As with

* Prokopovitch, 95.

† Grinko, 132.

nearly all else I have said of Russia, I am only saying here what those who are directing the country's policy admit. Mr. Feiler quotes "eminent Communists" as saying to him that the Revolution did not take place for the prime benefit of the Russian village.*

But so long as such a policy is being carried out, it is scarcely probable that Russia will travel far along the road to being converted into a Slav replica of a prosperous United States.

Not only, then, is it not to be expected that the Russian Government's internal policy will lead to the advent of heaven on earth; it is not even likely that, thanks to that policy, Russia will become a "God's country".

III

ACCORDING TO MACHIAVELLI

I reach my last point.

When the Russian Government came into power by seizing power, in October 1917, it was undoubtedly assisted by circumstances, as Moses was assisted to become the leader of the Israelites and as Cyrus was assisted to found the Persian Empire. But it was "their own great qualities" that enabled the members of the Government to profit by the opportunity. And, the power once seized, they retained it during the early days thanks to an acute sense of political realism. Of Lenin, their leader, who at that time so often found himself in a minority and yet, when he won his way, proved to be always right, it may be said that he was "such a great genius as to be able to take immediate steps for maintaining what fortune had thrown into his lap".

Faced with the hostility of the Social Revolutionaries, who represented the peasants, *i.e.* the majority of the Russian population, the Government first caused the Social Revolutionaries' Left to secede, under Marie Spiridovna, and then, since this "wing" had rallied to its own standard, boldly proclaimed that there was com-

* Feiler, 64-5.

plete agreement between it and the Social Revolutionaries as a whole. Next, the Government promulgated its famous decrees giving the land to the peasants, and after that the defeat of the Social Revolutionaries' "centre" was easy.

The central executive of the railwaymen also was hostile. The Government first broadcast appeals to the railwaymen to ignore their executive. Then it proposed to the executive that a member should be taken into the Government, as Commissioner for Railways. This proposal divided the executive. Thereupon the Government, going back on its proposal, broke off all relations with the executive, and called a congress of railwaymen a few days before the congress summoned by the executive was to meet. At this first congress the railwaymen gave their support to the Government, and when the second congress met the executive was unable to regain the lost ground.*

Thus the members of the Russian Government showed that they could be foxes and lions by turn.

That "of the dispossessed rulers" they "killed as many as" they "could lay hands on, and very few escaped", everybody is aware. In the despatch of their enemies, indeed, they rivalled Cesare Borgia and Oliverotto del Fermo, remembering no doubt that "men must be either caressed or annihilated". Also, they excused the inhumanity of their rule on the ground of its being new, as Virgil makes Dido excuse hers.

What I am saying here should not be pushed too far; but it is plain that the Russian Government, in acceding to power, revealed its intention of governing, not only according to Marx, but also according to Machiavelli.

And that intention it has continued to display in its statecraft ever since.

As Mr. Dobb says,† it has "always placed its ear close to the murmurings of the crowd". If Lenin was a great political genius, he showed it not least by the faith in opportunism, according to which he acted, in the beginning, not only in seizing power, not only in forming

* Étienne Antonelli, *La Russie bolchéviste*, 85-93.

† Dobb, 152.

an alliance with the Left of the Social Revolutionaries, but also in making peace with Germany, and according to which he continued to act until his death. When, for instance, NEP (the New Economic Policy) superseded "War Communism", it was not because Lenin had come to regard NEP as inherently better than "War Communism"; it was in obedience to many signals, culminating in the attempt on Lenin's own life and in the Kronstadt mutiny, that either "War Communism" or the Government must go.†

And the tradition bequeathed by Lenin is being carried on. If the Quinquennial Plan, which provides for the development of heavy industry in Russia before all else, has been adopted in preference to other available programmes, and if the Government's policy in general favours the workers in heavy industry above the rest of the population, it is no mere coincidence that the workers in heavy industry constitute the Government's chief support.† The Government aims at being supported by what it calls a Worker-Peasant Bloc. True, by its famous "land decrees" it did something for the peasants that they have not forgotten and are not likely to forget, but, nevertheless, this bloc is necessarily one in which the workers are politically the more important.

In short, if the statecraft of the Russian Government is directed, as the Government thinks, to making Russia self-sufficient industrially and to bringing—given time—heaven down to earth, it is also directed, and quite as much, to maintaining the Government in power. This the Government's members would be the last to deny, for they are filled with a conviction that they are the instruments selected by economic determinism to begin fulfilling the prophecies of Engels and Marx, and unless they remain in power, evidently they cannot obey this destiny.

This brings me to my conclusion.

We have seen how the ideological structure upon which the Russian Government claims that it has erected its policy is fissured by the Marxian contradiction. For the sake, so it is said, of trying to obey economic deter-

* Dobb, chap. v.

† Prokopovitch, 93.

minism, the Government is preventing any one of the mass of individual Russians now alive from either following his own bent or making the most of his life in a material way, and that is quite irreconcilable with the Government's profession of metaphysical materialism. Yet, without metaphysical materialism, economic determinism itself is unintelligible. We have seen too how, in any case, economic determinism is no more than an unverified theory, and that consequently it is not likely that the Russian Government is actually engaged, as it believes it is, in preparing a change in human nature and the advent of a Golden Age. Then we have seen how, if the Government's economic policy is not really directed to the attainment of that end, it is also not likely to result in satisfying the inhabitants of Russia as a whole, but only, at most, one section of the inhabitants. Finally, we have seen that the Russian Government is confessedly engaged in, as much as anything, maintaining itself in power, and that it is its chief supporters who form that section which its economic policy will ultimately benefit.

From these things what may we conclude ?

There is, of course, no question that the members of the Russian Government are passionately sincere in their political beliefs. There is no question that they actually do believe that they can at least prepare the way for a transformation of human nature and the coming of a Golden Age in which there will be no classes and no State. But, as I have said, they also believe in doing all they can to remain in power. Since, then, their political theories, to the realization of which they are, as they think, directing their policy, are contradictory and unjustifiable, in reality it is only the second belief that, whatever they may think, they are living up to.

The Russian Government, despite the programme which, it claims, makes it superior to all other existing governments, is actually no different from any other government. It consists of a group of men who, being in power, wish to remain there as long as possible, and are simply doing all they can to that end.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

ART. 3—CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

1. *The Growth of the Mind*. By Koffka. Kegan Paul.
2. *Language and Thought of the Child* and other works. By Piaget. Kegan Paul.
3. *The Young Delinquent*. By Cyril Burt. London University Press.

IT is unfortunate that in the minds of many people the terms Psychology, Psycho-Therapy, and Psycho-Analysis should form part of a constellation of ideas which are associated with Modern Theories, Cranks, and Dangers to Family Life. Such an attitude betokens ignorant prejudice, yet in these matters a certain conservatism is necessary, which, if instructed and moderate, tends to safeguard the natural law and the dignity of man. Modern psychology has extended the knowledge of mind and of individual behaviour as science in general has widened and deepened our knowledge of the world of matter; it cannot claim an absolute or synthetic value, but it cannot be ignored and should be made use of.

If the conduct of life in many respects shows progress, in others it must appear that man is tending to be crushed by the machinery of his own civilization. The modern world as we know it is ordained perhaps to rediscover by painful experience and careful research some of the laws of human conduct which were natural to a more candid and simple age.

Child Psychology is considered in this article as part of the science and art of medicine applied to the study and treatment of mental defect, delinquency and neurosis in children. It arose as a speciality principally from the study of delinquents. We need only look back a century or so to find an incredible degree of harshness and stupidity in the treatment of child criminals: society punished itself in the person of its most helpless members for its soulless and cruel civilization.

When the scientific study of the criminal commenced, the tendency was to specify a criminal type: a category of human beings who were physically marked out and

predetermined as criminals. This theory has been on the whole abundantly disproved. The next tendency was to consider crime as proceeding from mental defect, *i.e.*, an inborn deficiency of the brain, an organic aberration, producing mental or moral disorder. This explanation of crime is only found to hold good in a comparatively small minority of individuals. Up to now the main stress has therefore been laid on heredity, and while not overlooking the importance of this factor, as predisposing rather than determining, the environment is at present in the foreground of the field of research. The early environment of the individual, and particularly in so far as it affects the emotional side of life, is seen to play the leading part in the production of delinquency, and not only of delinquency, but also neurosis and insanity.

It is found that in every case of a delinquent child there is no one causal factor, but many factors to be taken into account. It might be supposed, for example, that the lack or deprivation of material wants and enjoyments would be an important factor, but poverty alone is seldom a satisfactory explanation of the making of the criminal. What emerges, even statistically, in this study is that defective home life is the most potent factor, because for the acquirement of a right attitude to life—both to people and things—a harmonious, peaceful family environment is a prime necessity. A large proportion of stealing and truancy in children is found among those who are illegitimate, adopted or step-children; it might almost seem that their stealing is an act of unconscious revenge on a society which has deprived them of their right to 'mother-love'.

I anticipate the remark that all this is obvious to us, by saying that it may be so to those who have as a background the philosophy of Mother-Church, but that to many nothing is obvious or practical which is not 'scientific', and that it is well to find that the trend of psychology is with us and not against us.

Another group of factors which are, of course, always to be taken into account, are the physical. Remembering that we are dealing with an organism of essential unity

of body-mind, we cannot neglect any shortcomings or excesses on either plane.

There is, for example, a group of children where lack of sufficient secretion from the endocrine glands, chiefly the pituitary, would seem to cause a craving for sugar which if not satisfied leads to stealing sweets, and then money, by a natural progression of the habit. If we no longer cure naughtiness by brimstone and treacle, we cure some cases of stealing by giving pituitary—which is not so very different in method. The endocrine glands are known to be intimately connected with the emotions—that is why we can cure a certain type of shy, backward, and lachrymose child by giving thyroid gland. May we not suppose that St. Thomas would have been highly pleased at the cure of a moral lesion by treatment applied at the vegetative level of the soul?

The factors productive of delinquency might be subsumed under the heading of 'deprivation'; whether it be of physical integrity, of the necessities of life, or of the affection and good example of parents; in some form of deprivation lies the making of the criminal. This is why imprisonment and wholesale reformatory treatment of child delinquents is largely abandoned, while greater reliance is placed on the work of probation-officers, aided by expert medical and psychological advice. We seek to make up for this deprivation rather than to punish or restrain.

The problem of delinquency cannot be separated from that of neurosis in children, nor yet from that of mental deficiency; they are all aspects of abnormal structure or function.

Into the subject of mental deficiency I do not propose to enter; we all know, or should know, of the admirable work which is being done for the higher-grade feeble-minded at Besford Court Catholic Mental Hospital, on the most modern lines. We see there the interrelation of neurosis and delinquency with mental deficiency, and the good results of 'psycho-analysis' with certain form of neurosis.

The same attitude of mind—the envisaging of every factor—whether in the moral, mental, or physical sphere—

is applied in Child Psychology to the study of 'neurosis' of children : characterized by fears, tempers, stammering and twitching, to mention some of the chief symptoms.

As it is in the psychological nexus of the family that such disorders arise, it is here that we must first turn our attention.

The actions and reactions within the family are manifold, and it needs knowledge and training as well as sympathy and common sense, to see what stresses and strains are producing effects on the child. The relation between some disharmony or wrong method of training and the 'nerves' of the child that the parents complain of is seldom recognized by them, but the readiness to understand when an explanation is given, and the willingness to co-operate in a change of tactics is encouraging and often successful—especially among the poor. To arrive at these points in the home environment it is often helpful and sometimes necessary for a trained social worker to visit the home, and the data so obtained can then be correlated with the impression gained by talking to the parents and the child. The strain which is at work to produce the neurosis may, however, come from the school side of the child's environment, so that a school report and a test of the child's intellectual capacity becomes necessary.

What 'Mental tests' can do is to indicate within reasonably accurate limits what the inborn capacity or 'common sense' of the child amounts to, apart from what he has been taught ; by these means one is helped to determine whether a child's backwardness at school is due to congenital lack of intelligence or to a condition of neurosis, also whether the child is placed in a class too high or too low for his capacity.

The school teacher may be baffled by some difficulty in the home which is making the child unable to concentrate at school or, vice versa, the parents are distracted by the nervous condition of the child due to strain at school. In such cases there are cross-purposes involved and a future neurotic or criminal may be in the making ; it is here that the Psychological Clinic comes in to analyse and assess the factors in the situation, and to give help

and advice when it is required. Such a clinic, whether it be called Child Guidance Clinic, as in America, or by some other term, is then primarily a co-ordinating centre for the different agencies which go to the making of a human being, and seeks to put right or supply what is lacking in each or one of these.

It may be that such an institution is an evil necessity of our society, that the co-ordination should spring from a common philosophy of behaviour, from a common background of religion, but it is patent to anyone who is concerned with such problems, and who is not invincibly ignorant, that there need be no conflict in function, or suspicion of wrong intention, between the Church and the Clinic. (It is, incidentally, amusing to hear psychologists scoff at the idea of 'original sin' while dealing all the time with its results, and at the same time misunderstanding entirely what its meaning implies when used in the correct sense. If they but realized what is implied in the original severance of man from super-nature, they would expect neither too much nor too little from their science which has human nature for its object.)

The difference between the diagnosis and treatment of those disorders in children roughly distinguished as 'physical' or 'organic' on the one hand, and 'nervous' on the other, lies in the multiplicity of causative or contributory factors in the latter, and the fact that these factors are operating on different planes—we might term them the intellectual, the sensitive, and vegetative—yet each reacting on the organism as a whole. In other words, we are not merely studying the organic mechanism involved in health and disease, but dealing with the organism in its mental, emotional, and physical aspects, or reacting to, and influenced by, the whole environment: family, school, and the world in general.

It is useless in such a study to talk in terms of cause and effect: we often cannot tell which is which. There are many factors which have to be discovered, assessed, and correlated; a physical disorder may be the effect, or the cause, of an emotional disturbance, and has to be treated whichever it may be. Hence there is no hard and fast division between the two groups, but

in such cases the psychological includes and transcends the other planes upon which a maladjustment or disorder of the organism may manifest itself.

The realization of this will also help us to understand why it is that a problem of behaviour must often be dealt with by roundabout means which have no apparent direct connection with the particular problem. This must be so for two main reasons: one, that sometimes the major factor cannot be eliminated or even modified (for example, overcrowding or disharmony in the home) and the problem has to be tackled from some other angle; secondly, that the organism acts as a complete whole so that no part of it can be dealt with, or influenced, without affecting all the other functions. A child's attitude to life may be changed as much in one case by treating intestinal disorder as, in another, by providing, by some means, that friendly encouragement which he has been deprived of—as he might be deprived of food or sunshine.

We have to remember too that a child is highly sensitive to the stimuli of his environment (a fact to which parents are often so woefully blind), very open to suggestion, and often very remote and inaccessible in his feelings and desires. A child is in transition from his ego-centric subjective world to the world of adult reality, and this is effected largely by the example, training and encouragement of 'grown-ups', who are to him, at first, omnipotent and perfect beings; if these props are faulty or lacking, the transition becomes painful, incomplete, or disorganized. The study of each individual case demands qualities and methods commensurate with the delicacy and intricacy of the problem involved; the object being to obtain the maximum information with the minimum display of the machinery of investigation.

There is a danger that if the methods are too elaborate and 'scientific' the information may seem very complete yet leave out or lose sight of the most elusive and intangible human elements which are at the heart of the problem. A re-education of the parents in their treatment of the child is often the first and most important

step, and their willingness to acknowledge faults and try new methods is generally remarkable. When we have smoothed and altered the environment as much as we are able, the child still remains, and his reactions are dictated by inner emotions and conflicts which may be of long standing and deeply rooted.

The child's emotional life can be learnt indirectly from its play and make-believe, its dreams and day-dreams, and also from its reactions to other children and members of the family. This work in the field of the child's emotional and imaginative activity is the most delicate and most richly rewarded; it is also the most important, because once a child is old enough he must learn to be independent of his environment, to the extent that he must not continue to need the wing of the clinic from which to lead a well-adjusted life. There is a directness of vision and a wisdom of understanding in personal relationships which is often clearer because less complex, and deeper because more instinctive, in the child than it is in the adult.

The creative and artistic side is next to be considered. Often enough it is mainly because the child's possibilities and interests in this direction have found no outlet that neurosis or delinquency result; imagination can so easily deviate into the useless or harmful channels of fantasy and day-dreams. These possibilities may be entirely dormant and unsuspected, and their awakening may have astounding results: the freeing of this energy, which has hitherto emerged in delinquency or difficult behaviour, may be just the means whereby joy of achievement and encouragement will take the place of frustration and deprivation. The Clinic is provided with a playroom where it is sought to provide that 'freedom in the right environment' of Montessori, which will encourage the child to reveal, in drawing, modelling, and construction his imaginative and artistic side; and not only to reveal but to express and develop which ever special sense or faculty may demand cultivation. Nothing but what is consonant with the natural and proper development of a child will be successful or in any way permanent, hence the success of the Montessori

system which is based so explicitly on the Scholastic maxim: '*nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit primus in sensu*'.

In a civilization where art is so divorced from ordinary life, we find also a lack of the element of Rhythm which should run through the pattern of existence; so we have to add to the equipment of a Clinic dancing and rhythmic exercises, and find that by this means the child who is over-stimulated, restless and twitchy, or the child who lacks confidence, who stammers or is afraid, regain some poise and balance in their minds through the rhythm of music expressed in movement.

The greater the separation of civilized life from Nature and the institutions common and natural to mankind, the more the individual deviations away from the limits of the norm; hence the special need to-day of 'Child-Guidance', a need always existing, but only realized and felt in our consciously scientific and self-critical age. Child psychology however, reaffirms and demonstrates the immense responsibility of parents for the happiness and mental salvation of their children, and therefore the priority of the family—its sanctions and responsibilities. The wild theorists will in the end be disproved on their own ground, for the approximate truths of psychology must be based on a true philosophy of human nature.

This is why perhaps we feel that there is more of truth in the vision of a Dostoevsky who depicts man as free and yet not free, as bound to suffer and strive, even in childhood, and only thus read his destiny, than in the bloodless observations of a Behaviourist. Yet let us keep our heads, and not disdain to work, in a practical and prudent way, with the methods of observation and the means of action which Science yields to us, even in the domain of the mind.

Actually, has all the work done in child psychology produced anything very new or of much value?

The claim that may be made for it is that it has clarified and corrected beliefs and opinions as to the needs of a child on the emotional or sensitive side, and, on the intellectual side, has shed valuable light on the working of a child's mind and on the educational methods adapted to it.

Medical psychology has studied the deviations from the normal in the psycho-neuroses and traced them, by analysis, to their origin in early childhood ; it is also able to watch the development of various forms of 'nerves' and problems of behaviour in children occasioned by different factors in the child's temperament and environment. By combining the knowledge so obtained it is possible to foresee possible results of mismanagement, and to help parents and teachers in their prevention.

While it is no new thing to be told that spoiling or over-severity will both interfere with the healthy development of character, it may be claimed an advance in knowledge to make explicit and capable almost of statistical proof the particular results which will follow certain forces or deprivations acting upon the child, and in this way to avoid future unhappiness and mental ill-health. Concrete and 'dogmatic' advice is more effective than pious generalization in the psychological as well as in the moral sphere.

A child's development of character proceeds from dependence upon and security in its mother, through experiment in aggression, curiosity, and sense-experience of various kinds manifesting themselves, and to some extent receding and overlapping at different stages ; if this development occurs in the right environment—one of harmony, frankness and freedom—the different instinctive forces are gathered and transformed in the synthesis of personality ; undue suppression instead of guidance of any one is likely to emerge later in some form of delinquency or neurotic attitude ; for example, undue suppression of the perfectly natural tendency to aggression or independence, whether by harshness or too much loving-kindness—'the whining mother is more repressive than the cuffing mother'—may result in the weak, dependent type of adolescent, or the rebellious criminal type, according to temperament. A child models itself on those whom it loves, and will be drawn to what is good rather than what is bad, given the right kind of personal relationship, which must not be too prim nor too fond, nor yet too cold. Behaviour depending merely on obedience and fear is artificial and repressive ; it should spring from

example and affection, and is then creative and progressive.

The various schools of psychology have each something of value to offer as well as exaggerations to avoid. In America the Behaviourists have applied the studies of Pavlov's Conditioned Reflexes and have shown how from the primitive unlearned reactions of fear and anger other responses are 'built in'. The study of such reflexes, their conditioning and inhibition, is so complex that it cannot be touched upon here, but it shows how much 'learning' is merely the piling up of reflex responses by association of one stimulus with another. From America too comes most of the work on Mental Tests, and the statistical study of delinquency.

The school of Adler has worked on the lines of explaining the neurosis of children as a form of false compensation for a feeling of inferiority. The 'inferiority complex' has become a catch-word, but what interests the psychologist is not so much the actual inferiority—whether this is brought about by the position or situation of the child in the family and by unwise parental training, or as a result of physical defect—as the manner in which it is compensated for. The well-adjusted child, the person with courage, will strive to overcome his handicaps in a useful manner; the potential neurotic will escape from them, and seek refuge in fantastic or unreal goals, and compensate for his failure to achieve reality by the unconscious production of symptoms. By using this hypothesis or framework of an individual's 'line of life', as Adler calls it, symptoms such as stammering, fear of the dark, kleptomania, etc., can be explained as following logically upon the attitude which the individual has adopted, with which he is failing to cope with life, and masking his failure from himself and others, as he proceeds in his effort to grow-up.

From Freud we have learnt of the intricate and fantastic mechanisms by which the instinctive and primitive needs and desires are corrected by the higher demands of the Ego, and the dangers of fixation of the sensuous component of life at infantile levels. (It cannot, in this connection, be too strongly emphasized that Freudian

psychology is only matter for the expert, and that much of the obloquy which it earns is due to lack of understanding of its terminology and principles; it is as difficult to follow as are the intricacies of Relativity, and it is therefore a great pity that almost any mention of modern psychology in the Catholic press concerns itself with Freudian psycho-analysis, and no other form of psycho-therapy or 'mental hygiene'.)

On the more academic side of child psychology, no work is more fascinating to follow than the observations of Piaget and his pupils at Geneva on the language, thought and logic of small children. This work has shown with convincing clarity the difference between the world of the child's mind and that of the adult, and the process of transformation from one to the other; incidentally, it demonstrates, as it were experimentally, the accuracy of the catechism's declaration of the 'Age of reason' as being established about the age of seven!

The world of the small child, swayed by imagination, is as far from objective reality as the desire of the child chooses to make it; the meaning of anything within it is dictated by the subjective value of a thing to the child (this is why a piece of wood with a bit of stuff round it is preferred, or does as well, as an elaborate shop-made doll). In his world there are no fixed relations between objects: things are merely juxtaposed, hence the wildest contradictions do not matter; one and the same concept can be different according to the path by which the child reaches it. 'Things' are considered as having intentions in themselves and the very names as having a kind of magic power (akin to the 'animism' of primitive races); the things in this world are created or made by the 'grown-ups', who are regarded as omnipotent; hence perhaps the interest in the origin of babies; things made artificially yet alive.*

An interesting point is made by Koffka with regard to the child's view of religion, showing how the appreciation of Our Lord under different aspects—*e.g.*, of the Baby

* Recent work by Susan Isaacs tends to modify the conclusions of Piaget in the direction of crediting the small person with more powers of reasoning, but her work is a correction rather than a denial of his views.

Jesus and the Saviour—offer no contradiction to the child's mind: "There is one sphere of interest which children learn from adults that has a very close and intimate relation with the child's world, and that is the sphere of religion. It is very serious and holy, but despite, or, better, because of this, it is completely incorporated into the child's world".

Interesting too is the insight into the value of objects in the child's mind as shown sometimes in their drawings; they do not draw things as they appear to our vision but as in respect of what they *mean* to the subjective vision of the child (thus bearing a close kinship to much of 'modern' art); as D. H. Lawrence says (in that remarkable book *Fantasia of the Unconscious*): "When a boy of eight sees a horse he doesn't see the correct biological object we intend him to see. He sees a big living presence of no particular shape with hair dangling from its neck and four legs. If he puts two eyes in the profile he is quite right. Because he does *not* see with optical photographic vision". . .

All this kind of knowledge must react on methods of education, and it is perhaps in the school that in future we shall apply most of the therapy of nerves and maladjustment that we are trying to achieve. The Montessori method is perhaps the greatest and truest step taken in this direction within recent years, but upon this we cannot enter here, as upon so many other aspects of a fascinating subject.

We must realize that there is a vast and world-wide activity in respect of methods of education, of the treatment of neurosis and delinquency, and of the prevention of future maladjustment to life, which we cannot ignorantly misjudge and whose achievements we cannot ignore.

CHARLES BURNS.

ART. 4.—THE NEW CONCEPTION OF HISTORY

HISTORY, it has often been observed, is written by Whigs, and certainly middle-aged men must remember a most one-sided presentment of it, even at the public schools and universities. It was not so much that the writers presented their case strongly, but they did not seem to be aware that the other side had a case at all. Such names as the Spaniards of Elizabethan times, Strafford, Laud, James II, George III, Castlereagh, and many others, were regarded as bringing their own condemnation without any form of trial. They were blind, reactionary, bigoted, and enemies of liberty.

Of late years a reaction has set in; men became tired of hearing Aristides perpetually called the Just, and an examination was made of John Hampden, Cromwell, Lord William Russell, William III, Charles James Fox, and other Whig idols, and a scrutiny was held of their claims to infallibility and perfect virtue. It may be said also that many American writers have felt the same tendency, and have abandoned the note of provinciality which has loved to hear their own country described as dazzling white and all her enemies as the deepest shade of black. Truth will out, even in history.

No nation has been treated worse than Spain by our historians. From our childhood the murderous cruelty of that race has been drummed into us. When very young, we were given the spirited *Westward Ho!* of Charles Kingsley, in which hatred of the Spaniards was a religion. Amyas Leigh "vowed afresh to give no quarter to Spaniards wherever he might find them". Later we learned by heart Tennyson's ballad with reference to "those Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain". According to our English and American authorities the Spanish conquest of the Americans was one long story of blood and plunder. Mr. Cunninghame-Graham * remarks: "It is an article of Anglo-Saxon faith that all the Spanish Colonies were maladministered, and all the

* *A Vanished Arcadia*, p. xi.

Spanish conquerors bloodthirsty butchers, whose sole delight was blood".

And yet, what are the facts? The records of English, Dutch, and other European nations in dealing with peoples of "inferior civilization" are for centuries a page of unrelieved blackness. The French record was somewhat better, but they did little for the actual welfare and improvement of their subjects. What is said of the Spaniards applies roughly to the Portuguese, but they were far behind the Spaniards in culture and missionary enterprise. The English settlers in North America massacred or drove away the Indians, whom they called "red devils". North of the Rio Grande the aboriginal inhabitants are either extinct or a depressed remnant. South—under the care of Spanish and Portuguese—the Indian races have flourished and multiplied.

Some of our textbooks give the credit of originating the slave trade to John Hawkins, but it had been introduced by the Portuguese long before he was born. But Hawkins practised it on the largest scale, and pushed it with incredible ruthlessness and unabashed greed of gain. His voyages were largely slave raids.*

That there should have been massacres and spoliation is not surprising, and in themselves they should not be brought against the pioneers as unpardonable sins. But against the Nordic settlers may be brought the charge that they never treated the Indians as if they were anything but beasts, that they never made any attempt to protect or educate them. The motto was kill or expel, and has been practised down to the memory of living men.

The Spanish record is the exact opposite. Undoubtedly the Conquistadors were ruthless. The story has been told again and again. But these cruelties—the worst of which was forced labour in the mines—were the work of free lances. As soon as the authority of the King of Spain was established, laws and institutions were devised for the benefit of the community, and especially of the Indians. Very soon an Empire was established which endured unchanged for three centuries and still remains, with

* See Hakluyt, X, 22.

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its Latin character indelibly impressed upon two Continents, with no change except that of political government. For length of years and permanence of influence the Roman Empire affords the only parallel.

Mr. F. A. Kirkpatrick* says: "The administration of outlying regions was at first usually entrusted to an *adelantado* or frontier commander". He was given two main tasks, "the reduction, conversion,† and preservation of the natives, and the foundation of Spanish towns". The Spanish settlers in each case became an *encomendado*, "receiving an *encomienda*, a trust or fief of one or more villages of Indians, who were to pay him tribute or fixed labour, in return for protection and Christian instruction."

Very different was the treatment of the Indians by the Pilgrim Fathers. And yet many of the South American tribes were quite as fierce and aggressive as those of the North; the first Spanish explorer in the Plate district was killed and eaten, and many distinguished Spaniards perished in the native wars. It was not till 1878 that Patagonia was finally subdued by Argentine forces.

The laws drawn up for the protection of the Indians were innumerable. To kill an Indian was murder, and they were exempt from the Inquisition. Much legislation was directed against forced labour and serfage. Many decrees were issued by the King for their protection. But the leading Spaniards themselves were very humane according to the standards of those times. Of Juan Garay we are told: "No charge of cruelty either to the Indians,‡ his own soldiers, or even to his competitors for power has ever been advanced against him. His shrewd Biscayan common sense kept his mind always fixed upon the great achievement of his life, the refounding and resettlement of the great port that Pedro de Mendoza had abandoned, driven out by famine and disease".§ He, the real founder of Buenos Aires, and Hernandarias Saavedra, his successor,

* *Cambridge Modern History*, X, 245.

† "First of all it is necessary that the Indians be instructed in the principal articles of our Holy Catholic Faith". *Sumaris de Leyes*, p. 1.

‡ "Fue un decidido protector de los Indios". Funes, *Essays de la Historia Civil*, I, 318.

§ Cunningham-Graham. *The Conquest of the River Plate*, p. 278.

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who encouraged the Jesuits to teach industries to the natives and settle the virgin tracts, are names unknown to English readers, but they have brought honour to Spain.

Most of all was it the Catholic missionaries and, in particular, the Jesuits, who have the credit for philanthropic work among the Indians. The Jesuit settlements in Paraguay, thanks largely to Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, are almost the only piece of historical information about Colonial Spain which our general reader possesses. It is unnecessary to re-tell the story of their philanthropic labours in building up a splendid commonwealth. Their enemies, the Paulistas, took advantage of the Decree of Suppression in 1773, and the Arcadia of Paraguay vanished.

The first University, founded in Lima in 1563, was followed by many others, and Lima ever since has been a centre of culture. The clergy encouraged education in every possible way, and a heritage of literary refinement has been handed down, resulting in the charming Spanish-American literature. Yet this is the kind of information retailed to us by American historians: "The only schools were priests' seminaries in which little except theology was taught and the level of intellectual culture among Creoles sank very low". The effect of this picture is somewhat weakened when the writer remarks, almost on the next page: "Poetry and belles-lettres were cultivated with some success by native authors". The country referred to is Ecuador, one of the most literary regions of South America, and at that very time it was rearing Olmedo, possibly the greatest of all Spanish poets in the New World.

The charges of apathy, mental inertness, and the like are absurd; the Spaniards were practically the only Colonists who did anything to encourage learning. The cruelty to Indians, as has been seen, was the work of private adventurers, and always discouraged by the Government. The Inquisition is a standing reproach; it is, of course, very horrible if we are uncritical enough to judge by standards which were then unknown. Religion was regarded as one of the main cases of the magistrate,

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and the magistrate was expected not to bear the sword in vain. However, the executions in Lima and elsewhere were surprisingly small as compared with those in Europe.

We may hope that, very slowly, a perception is stealing over our historians of the wrong which their predecessors have done to Spain. But the same procedure is still in force. Only twenty years ago a certain Francisco Ferrer was very properly executed for taking a leading part in some murderous riots in Barcelona. Immediately, before a single essential fact was known, there was a howl from our press, and a meeting was held in Trafalgar Square, impotently demanding that something should be done. The parable of the mote and the beam is perpetually illustrated in these matters.

Our Whig historians, of course, long had complete control in domestic history. The spacious times of great Elizabeth are still invested with a halo; this is doubtless due to their literary distinction; in other respects they were dismal days; the people were impoverished, paupers and sturdy beggars multiplied, charity funds had been ruthlessly seized, churches fell into ruin, and the very knowledge of church architecture disappeared. The country, in fact, was suffering from Henry VIII and from the ministers of Edward VI, and that is what, to a mitigated extent, we are still doing.

Hyndman, a sagacious if prejudiced observer, saw this clearly. As he says: "From the first years of the sixteenth century the lot of the great mass of working Englishmen, which had been so flourishing and so wholesome, became miserable in the extreme, and the labourers of England were reduced to destitution—plunged quite unnecessarily from the age of gold into the iron age". It is true that the wealth of the middle classes greatly increased, and J. R. Green, citing Bacon's *Essays* to prove advancing prosperity, would have been quite right if he had so limited his contention. But all the Whigs, who were not noblemen, were middle-class, and so it is not strange that the Whig historians thought that the Elizabethan era was a time of great prosperity.

On this subject there is an amusing passage in *Wild Wales*. Borrow, a rabid anti-Catholic, while examining

the ruins of a monastery, came upon a Welsh farmer, and at once entered into conversation. He assured the man that "because it was a house of idolatry", the building had been pulled down. "Had you lived at that time you would have seen people down on their knees before stocks and stones." The farmer was greatly impressed. Borrow then ascertained that the man paid two pounds an acre rent for his land, and incautiously added: "In the time of the old monastery you might have had the land at two shillings an acre." "Then," replied the farmer very reasonably, "those could not have been such bad times, after all." "I beg your pardon," exclaimed Borrow. "They were horrible times. . . . Better pay three pounds an acre and live on crusts and water in the present enlightened days than pay two shillings an acre and sit down to beef and ale three times a day in the old superstitious times." To which the farmer answered, "Well, I scarcely know what to say to that," and Borrow hastily changed the subject.

It used actually to be implied that the "Protestant" was tolerant as opposed to the heretic-burning "Roman Catholic". Nowadays it is hardly likely that anyone would maintain such an argument in a book, but in all probability the opinion is still fairly widespread. The persecution of the seminary priests was atrocious; indeed, the volume and barbarity of the laws passed against Catholics in a single generation are beyond belief. One hundred and eighty-nine of that faith were horribly executed in Elizabeth's reign.

It is true that the Papal Bull dethroning Elizabeth provided an excuse—the political—but this was common to both religions; a change of faith in any country then meant a revolution. Thorold Rogers remarks that Charles V is believed to have put to death for their religion a hundred thousand persons in the Netherlands alone. He shrewdly remarks that his action was dictated by political motives, that resistance to the priest implied resistance to the divine right of kings.

What makes the Elizabethan persecution the more extraordinary is that at the time of her accession Catholics were in a majority. Just as the powerful

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middle-class had deprived the lower orders of their material goods, so they proceeded to strip them of their spiritual possessions. However, since the time of Cobbett and Lingard the Reformation has been better understood ; it is rather in political than ecclesiastical history that there is need to revise the Whig judgments.

In no field has the Whig historian had a freer hand in misrepresentation than in the civil struggle of the seventeenth century. Always the one side is represented as warring for liberty and toleration, against the tyrants, Charles and James. The exact contrary is the case. It was against the Long Parliament that Milton wrote (unsuccessfully) the *Areopagitica*, his famous plea for unlicensed printing. It was decided by the Whigs that John Hampden should be canonised, and this position he has occupied without question ever since. It would take too much space to deal with the Ship Money question, but the received accounts are absurd, and aroused misgivings in Gardiner, who is almost the only one of the Whig historians who permits the opposite side to be heard.

It is almost certain that Hampden was in correspondence with the Scots and plotted to bring the army of this enemy power into England. He had some talents for parliamentary action, but our annals may be searched in vain for any proof of first class character or ability. Gardiner is evidently puzzled to account for his fame, saying that "the impression which he made upon his contemporaries cannot be lightly set aside". It would be more correct to say that it is time to set aside the impression created by later historians, whose practice it was to extol every one of their own party and revile all opponents.

The most creditable action which we know of Hampden is that, when the impeachment of Strafford failed, he strongly opposed the bill of attainder by which the House of Commons put their enemy to death in defiance of all law. Hallam's account of the transaction must be read to be believed. He considers that Strafford was "deserving of death for his misdeeds towards the commonwealth", and that therefore "it might be thought

enough to justify his condemnation, although he had not offended against what seemed to be the spirit and intention of the statute".

The execution of Charles was illegal from beginning to end, and the case of Laud was the most atrocious of the three—the farce of impeachment was quickly dropped, and the attainder was forced through by threats and mob violence.

To him justice has long been done but he was persistently treated with more unfairness than any other character in history. As Gladstone said, he was the most tolerant man of his time; while he had power no man was put to death for religion.

For several generations it has been the practice to worship Cromwell. He was undoubtedly a great man, but he would not recognize his modern portraits. He would find all the warts and wrinkles left out. To praise his humanity is absurd. His was an age in which war was waged with great cruelty, and Cromwell's practice was more ruthless than that of his age. In England his permission of plunder and the maiming of women,* and his practice of threatening to butcher resisting garrisons—these are kept in the background; in Ireland it is but necessary to mention Drogheda. The frightful cruelties done upon the Scottish prisoners after Dunbar and at other times are well known; in the matter of white slaves he is more barbarous than any contemporary.

Macaulay's account of Lord William Russell is ludicrous. So far from being executed "in defiance of law and justice" he received a perfectly fair trial, and the part he took against Lord Stafford and his association with Titus Oates take away all title to sympathy.

The history of the reigns of the two Charles and the second James is a mere travesty. One name above all others has been loaded with infamy, yet this ill repute comes from one tainted source; it has been followed by every one of our historians, although contradicted by every reputable contemporary. These all agree that Judge Jeffreys was the best judge of his time, able, painstaking, a dispeller of sophistries with a keen perception

* See Gardiner. *History of the Great Civil War*, II, 252.

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of the point at issue and the truth. And yet we are asked to take as an authority upon his conduct a piece of lying propaganda, *The Bloody Assizes*. This is practically the only authority upon which Macaulay relies.

In a judicious reader suspicion might well be roused by the light-hearted manner in which he treats the figures of the Western Circuit. Macaulay gives the number of executions as 320, adding, "Lord Lonsdale says seven hundred; Burnet six hundred". The actual number was 65. It is probable that none of our historians has ever troubled to examine the original authorities, or, if they did, they must have floundered hopelessly among lists of indicted, condemned, and executed. At Wells, for example, 527 were indicted and 525 convicted; but not a single one suffered the extreme penalty. Very large numbers were indicted, considerable numbers were condemned, and, regard being had to the wicked and wanton nature of the insurrection, a small number was executed.*

Macaulay rashly contrasts this repression with the punishment of the Jacobite rebellions in 1715 and 1745. In this latter case there were executed at Carlisle alone nearly half as many as suffered at the hands of Jeffreys and his colleagues. And the treatment of the Cumberland prisoners was horrible.†

In our own time the Glorious Revolution of 1688 is viewed in truer perspective; outside of Ireland no present interest or sentiment is involved in it. But all through the eighteenth century the Whigs held their power on that tenure and had a direct interest in investing it with a halo. It will probably now be conceded that the Revolution was necessary, that the retention of the Stuarts would have kept alight the flames of contention between Catholics and Protestants, which happily began to subside under a change of dynasty. We may now study the events *sine ira et studio*, and we shall find that the misrepresentations have continued down to our own day.

* Sir Edward Parry still follows the old fables and puts the number executed at 331.

† *Carlisle*, p. 185.

The occasion of the Revolution was the trial of the seven bishops. In relating the transaction no writer has been able to conceal the fact that the King was working for religious toleration and the bishops were resisting it. Burnet himself acknowledges that "he suspended all penal and sanguinary laws in matters of religion". It was indeed strongly suspected that the King would, at the first possible moment, withdraw the concessions to all but his favourite Catholics; this may have been so, but the fact remains that the triumph of James's enemies resulted in atrocious persecution of Catholics in Ireland for more than a century, and a milder form of oppression for that faith and for Nonconformists in Great Britain.

The truth is that in that age the only men, except William Penn himself and Roger Williams, who had any will or power to practise toleration were Charles II and James II. Charles I had given Maryland a constitution of unexampled liberality, and Charles II exerted himself to encourage its liberality towards Catholics and Quakers. It may be added that the Maryland Colonists treated the Indians far better than did any other settlement.

Penn, as is well known, was protected and encouraged in every way by the Duke of York, who is largely responsible for such toleration as existed in North America at that time. Charles II showed as much indulgence to Catholics and Nonconformists as his intolerant Parliaments allowed him.

Very different were the Puritan methods. Still we hear the absurd contention that the Pilgrim Fathers left England to carry liberty across the seas. They left to be able to enjoy intolerance; the policy of Laud was far too humane and liberal for them. No Spanish code approached the rigour of their cruel and meddlesome laws, and the barbarous destruction of Quakers and supposed witches is a pretty commentary upon the sermons and propaganda which we hear delivered in their honour.

The Revolution, unpopular as it was for generations, remains a successful fact. There is, however, no reason why the misrepresentations, which we were taught at

school, should continue. The Tories of that time are vehemently abused for opposing war, and the favourite Whig device—the manufacture of a majority by creating peers—was actually high treason when it was practised by the Tories to end the war. Nor does Bolingbroke get any credit for his free trade policy, or friendship with France. Whig principles are the exclusive property of Whigs and must not be touched by profane hands.

The first two generations of that century were the golden age of Whiggism. All power was in their hands; even if they fell out among themselves, they could only be replaced by a rival Whig section. Until an Englishman came to the throne, their will was law. George III is one of the most maligned of all our monarchs. He had certain deficiencies in education and intellect, but he was the sincerest of patriots and he saw that the good of the country urgently demanded the breaking up of the Whig gang. To this episode Disraeli was the first to do justice in his brilliant *Sybil*; he points out the incubus of the "Venetian party", and says: "A young king was making often fruitless, but always energetic, struggle to emancipate his national royalty from the trammels of the factious dogeship". Pitt, he points out, acting with the King, achieved some success. "He created a plebeian aristocracy, and blended it with the patrician oligarchy."

Disraeli also pays a fine tribute to Bolingbroke, author of *The Patriot King*. At that time he was universally decried; Macaulay calls him "a brilliant knave".

The overthrow of the junta was a great surprise to the Whigs; the uniformity of nature seemed to them to be disturbed. That they remained out of office for half a century may be attributed to the levity and political profligacy of Fox. His coalition with North, his speeches in the Regency debate, his opposition to Pitt's liberal trade policy and the same minister's concessions to Ireland and France, and then his delight in French victories, and his final act in himself declaring war on France, and thus, as Scott said, dying a Briton—all these were ruinous to his party. Needless to say that Fox is one of the chief Whig heroes.

American writers have recently done much to rectify

the current versions of the War of Independence. Sir George Trevelyan was more American than any American writer of repute, and his long series of volumes is an extraordinary production. He barely mentions the Loyalists; to him they are known chiefly as disseminating scurrilous verses against the Whigs. And yet the war was a civil war, in which probably the majority was on the side of the king.

Nor has he any conception of the great question at issue—which still baffles statesmen—the proper apportioning of imperial burdens, the possibility that King George may have been right in insisting on the right to impose a small tax, even if the yield were inconsiderable, on account of the principles involved. The rebels are always “patriots”, although he does not call the Loyalists “parricides”. They were merely drunken, ribald reactionaries.

To the King's brother, the Duke of York, the best Commander-in-Chief the army ever had, Sir John Fortescue has done justice.

It has taken a hundred years to rehabilitate Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington, as a statesman. Accidentally a change has come over the spirit of the Whig dream. They found so much to vex their sensitive souls in the Peace of 1919 that they turned back to 1815, and ate all the words which they had poured forth for more than a century.

Much might be said of the Victorian era, but the field is far too wide already. An attempt has been made to show how serious is the distortion of our history, and further there is no doubt that the travesty is still accepted by the man in the street. The greatness of Truth is in the present tense, but her prevalence is in the future—often the dim and distant future.

Of late there has been an improvement. We have alluded to the American school. The Catholic side has been presented by Mr. Belloc, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and Mr. Cunninghame-Graham. Sir John Fortescue has cleared George III from many misrepresentations. Various specialists have brought out the truth in various directions. It is not necessary that a historian should be

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impartial; in fact, such a being does not exist. It is, however, necessary to discover what temper it was that made Roman Catholics and Reformers burn or hack to pieces their opponents, and what made the London rabble clamour for the blood of Laud, and why Bunyan was kept many years in a "den". Why were the American Loyalists called parricides, and why did George III obstruct all attempts to discourage the importation of negro slaves into America? The Whigs had their rules and dogmas, and they judged all past events in reference to them, and also made the facts conform to their theories. Consequently their works were in part mere anachronisms; they did not portray the men or events of the period, but gave us nineteenth-century figures and conceptions. To discover the facts, and to interpret them by theories derived from knowledge of the times and from sympathetic imagination, is the duty of a historian.

W. A. HIRST.

ART. 5—BISHOP HEDLEY

THE death of the second and last Bishop of Newport in November, 1915, severed a link with the DUBLIN REVIEW that must be unequalled in duration and strength, for he had been its Editor during several years and a constant contributor for nearly fifty, and it was the DUBLIN REVIEW that, after his episcopal duties, inspired or occasioned the writings on which his fame will rest. Some of these contributions are being re-published, others may follow. A further volume should be made of "Funeral Orations", which the bishop spoke over several of his elder contemporaries—stately, sympathetic tributes to distinguished men that should not be forgotten. Seven volumes that grew out of pastoral work were published in his lifetime—not a long list of books from a pen that was never idle; but in addition many articles of more than ephemeral interest are to be found in the *Ampleforth Journal*, the *Tablet*, and other Catholic periodicals.

An adequate account of Bishop Hedley's career written by a monk of Ampleforth affords opportunity, not by any means for a final estimate of his literary gifts or full chronicle of his labours, but for an essay to keep his memory green in a generation to whom he becomes but the shadow of a great name. The biography was awaited with some impatience and has been received generally with satisfaction. Its delay has some excuse. As a religious the Bishop left his estate to his episcopal successors, his literary executors being officials of the diocese at whose request the task was taken up by his monastic brethren. The advent of new authorities and frequent changes in the Welsh Province impeded an undertaking that was further delayed by the death of its first editor, and then by the grave illness of D. Anselm Wilson, to whom this volume is due. The withholding of much of the Bishop's correspondence has not made the work easier; few letters have been available and those the least important; Westminster archives have not been accessible, nor correspondence with such personages as W. G. Ward, von Hugel, Mivart and Cardinal Mercier. The Bishop's

own reticence added to the difficulty ; he kept no diary of his experiences, seldom showed glimpses of feeling to the most intimate, was too busy or modest to write autobiography. However, the delay of fifteen years offers some compensation. As his figure fades into the past and contemporaries pass away it falls to the few left to contribute recollections. Here are some personal impressions of one who called him master and friend from the early days of Brother Cuthbert at Ampleforth to the last days of the dying Bishop at Llanishen.

It is almost inevitable to compare this *Life of Bishop Hedley* with biographies of some of his Catholic contemporaries, and the *Life* suffers from the contrast, for it lacks dramatic incident and all the elements of struggle. Bishop of a poor and obscure diocese, never a leader in external affairs of the Church, he was not involved in public discussions, initiated no movements, underwent no tragic conversions. He never quarrelled with religious or with his brother bishops. By temperament and training as by conviction he was essentially peaceable, disliking disputes and avoiding controversy ; at times a little timid, unwilling to take sides, indisposed to defend his views, let alone his rights. Benedictine "Pax" marks his character and whole career. All this may be a more Christian attitude and more favourable for religious results, but it does not help biography, for it lacks what appeals to the natural man, the excitement and incidents of a quarrel.

Morpeth and Ampleforth provide the background of Bishop Hedley's early life, the little Northumbrian town where he was born in 1837 and the small Benedictine school and monastery where boyhood and youth were passed. Both supplied a bracing upbringing and fostered a certain bluntness of manner and a directness of outlook and expression that were characteristic. He was a young monk when Ampleforth was recovering from the secession under Bishop Baines that founded Prior Park and nearly ruined the parent house. A breath of unexpectedly wider culture was blowing at the time through the lowly cloister, whose Prior had been Procurator at the Roman Curia, and some of whose monks had made their studies in Italy. Here scholastic work among the boys and the

companionship of cultured brethren combined with natural gifts and studious habits to lay a solid foundation for the future bishop's later achievements, and developed tastes for music, verse and even the drama.

A wider field was opened and fuller opportunities for study when Father Cuthbert was called in 1862 to Belmont, the English Benedictine novitiate and Cathedral monastery of the Welsh diocese. He became a Canon and Professor there, and to him and to Prior Bede Vaughan Belmont owed almost everything of its early success. Those years of strenuous controversy that were leading up to the Vatican Council proved stimulating to enthusiastic minds at a susceptible age, and it was during them that Canon Hedley's connection began with the DUBLIN REVIEW. A series of brilliant articles on Patristic subjects attracted notice, led to his introduction to a wider world, and were put down to the pen of Newman before men realized that a new star in the Catholic firmament had swung into ken. F. Cuthbert was a conscientious Professor interested in his class individually, willing to discuss points with them freely, always at their service, if perhaps a little chary of the encouragement of praise. Well-read himself and a fresh thinker he set a fine example of mental toil, as well as of the exclusive use of talents in the Church's service. An observant member of the community, reverent of authority, cheerful in recreation, he was, moreover, a sympathetic and intelligent director, holding up high ideals of religious life, yet tolerant of indiscretion or weakness. To the young he was ever a kindly friend and counsellor, ready to listen and quick to comprehend, undemonstrative but with judgment and sympathy on which they could count; and in return he won reverent affection and enduring gratitude from generations of Juniors, some of whom at least lived to rival his distinction.

For Canon Hedley himself these were formative years that completed his own education and lead up to high vocation. Opportunity had never come to him of foreign study or travel; his University was the monastic library, his Common-room the Calefactory; studious habits, the company of earnest, able men, a course of plain

living and high thinking, these had to supply the lack of extraneous advantages. Though results show what substitutes could be found when University training was not available, yet Bishop Hedley always deplored the disabilities under which Catholics then laboured in the way of higher education. Fully conscious of the danger he yet advocated their admission to the older Universities, even in opposition to the prejudices of Manning, Ward, and the two Bishops Vaughan; and it was mainly his influence that finally, with the sanction of the Holy See, opened Oxford and Cambridge to our Catholic youth.

In 1873 Canon Hedley barely but luckily escaped being chosen Cathedral Prior when Dom Bede Vaughan became Coadjutor for Sydney. The election took place on St. Matthias' Day, and he was the popular but unsuccessful candidate—as he himself remarked, like Joseph called Barsabas, whose surname the Just suggests popularity, though the lot fell upon Matthias. Ill-success on this occasion left him free a few months later to become Auxiliary to his own bishop; he was consecrated at Belmont on St. Michael's Day, 1873, and on Bishop Brown's death in 1880 succeeded as Bishop of Newport and Menevia. He continued to live in the priest's house at Hereford, and as Auxiliary and Vicar-General the whole administration of the diocese fell to him: making visitations, holding Confirmations, presiding and preaching at functions and gradually gaining a national position. In his zeal he took on himself not only the Deanery conferences but the School Inspector's duties of religious examinations—trying experiences that were partially responsible for the lameness that crippled him in later life. Schools were carefully washed immediately before the Bishop's visits and the floors never properly dry during the inspection, with the result that he was ultimately lamed by rheumatism.

In place of St. Benedict's axe St. Gregory is supposed to have put a pen in his monks' hands but to have continued the injunction—*Ecce labora et noli contristari*; with the young bishop even the crozier did not interfere with the pen, and the most fruitful period of his life began. He wrote frequently for the DUBLIN REVIEW and

became its editor from 1878 to 1884. He delivered the lectures or courses on theological subjects that were later embodied in his books. In a series of Pastorals maintained over forty years he provided his flock with wonderfully clear and popular expositions of Catholic faith and practice. He became the Public Orator of the Hierarchy on official occasions. He found time to give frequent Retreats to clergy and religious; and worked up into the volume of his well-known *Retreat* these conferences from the most finished product of his pen, a monumental work representing the results of a lifetime's meditation, conference and experience. He once gave as a reason for not adding a second volume that he had put into this the very best he knew and felt; it was the quintessence of his spiritual teaching. It is also the fullest revelation we shall have of his own spiritual life.

The general purpose of Bishop Hedley's writings has been to expound the magnificent heritage of Truth that belongs to God's children and is revealed in its varied beauty by Holy Church. They are marked by characteristic gifts, solid learning, profound acquaintance with uncommon aspects of theology, a wonderful insight into the human heart, precision of thought wedded to lucid language—the whole fused by a poetic imagination and conveyed in a style that is at once brilliant and simple. Hardly a page but is lighted up by appropriate imagery and a play of fancy that delights and illuminates. The Bishop wrote rapidly and apparently with ease, in good nervous English hardly needing revision; and neither official correspondence nor episcopal cares seemed to check the flow of his thoughts. One would go into his room any morning and find him at his desk with folio sheets of writing scattered about the floor. He was a voracious but not a shallow reader, and had a retentive memory; to extensive study he joined a very sane judgment as well as originality of thought, or at least a fresh presentment of ancient wisdom that seemed as original as it was fascinating. Perhaps his special gift lay in this power of lucid exposition of deep and difficult themes which he could illustrate by poetic image and apt phrase. His discourses on the Incarnation, the Holy Eucharist,

the Saints and the Church abound in passages of high eloquence and convey most accurate theological instruction. To those who want something to strengthen their hold on the Faith and a safeguard against the dissolving influence of Modernism, Bishop Hedley's works may safely be offered. They are literary and modern as well as orthodox. They meet sceptical difficulties, if not directly, yet more successfully and in a way more worthy of a Bishop, by displaying the solid foundations and noble proportions of the temple of Catholic Truth.

For many years Bishop Hedley worked hard for the success of the DUBLIN REVIEW. In the *Life* more than thirty articles are attributed to his pen, and others bear internal evidence of his craftsmanship, though there is no external proof that they were written by him. Their subjects range over the whole field of Catholic interests, reflecting the wide culture of his mind, and typical of the "liberal" education that the old Catholic training endeavoured to instil into the minds of its disciples. In his *Lex Levitarum* he does not hesitate to say that unless a pastor is what the ancients called "a man of letters", he can never be fully accomplished in his holy vocation. He has to teach and persuade, and this duty can best be accomplished by a training in literature.

The priest who is well read and cultivated is a man of disciplined mind who can direct his intelligence to a purpose and guide himself to its attainment. He is a man well informed in the history of human thought who can recognize old truths under new shapes, and is not astonished when he meets in his own generation aberrations and fancies which are really as ancient as Thales or Zoroaster. . . . His views are wide ; that is, he is never prematurely certain of cause and effect ; he looks twice and thrice at a phenomenon before he tries to decide its true nature ; he knows that ends and purposes may be reached by more roads than one ; he is not easily carried away by noise, glitter, boasting and success ; whilst he knows how time, perseverance and incalculable accident may temper or efface imperfection and failure. . . . The tone and temper which literary culture breeds is liable to abuse, and those who live for its own sake are often disagreeably fastidious and sometimes proud and without any love for souls ; yet there is no foundation on which grace builds more easily, just

as it is the finest marbles which best answer to the sculptor's art. On the other hand, how often do we find that the unlettered priest, even if he knows his divinity, is coarse, inconsiderate, tactless, rude, empty in conversation, resourceless when face to face with a thinking man, and too ready to seek company and recreations which appeal to the less noble side of human nature ! (p. 103-5.)

These are the lines which the Bishop laid down for himself in his writings, and it was in the DUBLIN REVIEW, the standard Catholic Quarterly, that he gave of his best in this direction. We can surely recognize in this inspiration that he derived from the leading exponent of Catholic culture in his day, Cardinal Newman ; there is the same lucidity, the same *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of words and of illustration, the same clarity of thought in both writers. His own predilection was for the works of the Fathers of the Church, in whom, he tells us, we find "a literary exposition of Catholic Doctrine and morality that we are quite sure is orthodox to its very roots". Consequently the articles of the first period of his connection with the DUBLIN (1864-1869) dealt with the Christian Schools of Alexandria and the chief teachers in those Schools ; then with St. Cyprian, St. Liberius and St. John Damascene. If he could have confined himself to these subjects he might have become the leading English Catholic authority on them, but other claims came to the front, and his own inclination was not to make himself an expert in any one branch of work. His interest in the world around him was keen ; he realized that in the treasure house of the Faith there were truths new and old, truths that would meet the intellectual needs of the time ; and his sympathy for souls, his desire to illumine with the light of the Gospel those "who sit in darkness and the shadow of death", led him to take a wider sweep and to touch on the living questions of the hour. His articles in the second period of his writing for the DUBLIN (1870-9) show a very varied interest. He brings to the notice of his readers the forceful personality and brilliant oratory of the great preacher of Nôtre Dame, Père Lacordaire, O.P. A loving tribute is paid to his lifelong hero, John Henry Newman, on the

occasion of the conferring on him of the Cardinalate by Pope Leo XIII. The principles that underlie the Science of Prayer are expounded in a close analysis of the Benedictine, Father Baker's *Sancta Sophia*. Philosophical problems had ever a fascination for his mind, and in two articles he proclaims his allegiance to the master-mind of Scholastic Philosophy, St. Thomas Aquinas. An essay that became famous, *Evolution and Faith*, on the relations of Science and Faith, was written at a critical moment in the prolonged controversy on these topics; and it is followed by a sympathetic review of the work of the agnostic, W. H. Mallock, who spent his literary efforts in writing devastating criticisms on the popular anti-Christian literature of the day. In all this literary work of the Bishop there is originality and a freshness of treatment, a sound appreciation of the movements of thought around him, and a frank and fearless statement of the Catholic standpoint.

The third series of articles (1880-1911) covers much the same ground as the former period. Philosophical speculation again looms large in the subject matter. The Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII are analysed and the opportunity seized of enlarging upon and developing the teaching of the Pontiff, who in his outlook on the modern intellectual world was a man after the Bishop's own heart. The Modernist controversy was rife in the early years of the present century, and Bishop Hedley in several articles dealt kindly but firmly with the aberrations of Professor Mivart in the bearing of Science on Revealed Religion and Holy Scripture.

The last article from Bishop Hedley's pen was a sketch of the life and work of Bishop Hay. Here controversy was hushed and the writer strove to portray the history of the Faith in Scotland in the closing years of the eighteenth century. He loved to recall the struggles of our forefathers and their courage in maintaining the precious heritage of the Faith that they had received. He would remind us of the debt that we owe to those old confessors whose lives were one long conflict against almost overwhelming odds, but who by their steadfastness and devotion not only preserved inviolate the Faith handed

down to them, but also secured for us the religious liberty that we now enjoy.

Bishop Hedley's connection with the DUBLIN REVIEW illustrates his conception of the need for the pastor of souls to cultivate a "liberal" outlook on the intellectual problems of the day. As Mr. Wilfrid Ward points out, he had "great openness of mind . . . a keen sensitiveness to modern ways of thought, and an understanding sympathy with the agnostic bent of mind" (DUBLIN REVIEW, January 1916); but he had, at the same time, a deep and penetrating knowledge of the truths of revealed religion, as well as a remarkable power of expressing these truths in language that bears the stamp of true genius. The DUBLIN gave him an opportunity of which he made full use.

Though in a very true sense a distinguished preacher, the Bishop was not a popular orator; his literary taste being too fastidious and his pulpit manner not rhetorical enough for general acceptance. His delivery was slow and sometimes halting; one could feel him following out a train of close thought and pausing for the precise phrase to express it. The hesitation annoyed those who prefer a careless fluency that accepts the first word that offers; but when it came the Bishop's was the *just word*, illuminating and satisfying; and to thoughtful hearers the fitness of the phrase or the exquisitely turned figure more than compensated for any hesitation. In later years on state occasions the familiar manuscript relieved the strain on his memory and helped the flow of well-chosen words; still the appeal was exclusively to the intelligence and not enough to the emotions for him ever to be popular with the crowd. His ideal of pulpit instruction was very high; to him a Bishop's formal utterances were very sacred and responsible; he wrote and spoke like a Father of the Church, in the name of the *Ecclesia docens*, with an eye to wider audiences than ever gathered in any cathedral.

Bishop Hedley had some talent for music, though it was never cultivated except as a recreation or for professional utility, and even as Bishop he loved to play the organ in his cathedral-church at Vespers or Compline.

But he never used time or energy in developing such talents or suffered them to interfere with higher claims. It was the same with other natural gifts. Cultivated and interested as he was in many subjects, with a keen outlook on literature and science, he remained before all things a churchman and a monk whose predominant interests were ecclesiastical, who had neither hobbies nor tastes apart from his vocation.

A gift of humour, sometimes a bit sardonic, lent a sparkle to Dr. Hedley's conversation and a certain zest to his intercourse which, though a delight to his friends, was sometimes a terror to strangers. A dangerous accomplishment in a bishop, for strangers could not make the same allowance as friends did for his origin and early training! He had inherited a certain northern directness or brusqueness of speech, and had grown up in monastic communities where the give-and-take of fraternal intercourse is free, where good-humoured banter is an ordinary form of recreation seldom misunderstood and shared in even by superiors. In such surroundings the wit or pleasantry of a remark is justification enough for its utterance; no malice or bitterness lurk in the sly jest of which the point however sharp is never poisoned. The victim bides his turn to score in the quick rapier-play; and all have learned to take a cut without wincing and give one back without anger. The Calefactory is neither common-room nor club, still less a drawing-room; perhaps it is more like an arena! Brought up in this manly school, Bishop Hedley may sometimes have forgotten his surroundings, confusing a drawing-room with the Calefactory, or mistaking for a seasoned monk some grave clergyman or sensitive layman. It was a compliment had they but known it! But strangers used to the stiff courtesies of society were not so tolerant as his monastic brethren, and in earlier years and some quarters the Bishop earned a repute for being disagreeable and boorish. He certainly did not suffer fools gladly or bores with uncomplaining patience. He would use banter to convey lessons more gently and effectively than by reproof, whilst pretentiousness or affectation were quite likely to be snubbed at his hands.

Perhaps he did not always realise how heavy his hand was ; shy spirits were overawed by teasing however kindly meant, and light jests dropped from episcopal heights occasionally hurt more than he suspected. He was a man of moods, too, silent at times and disinclined for converse, possibly preoccupied by cares or in later years by physical pain. Such asperities of character are humanity's tribute which the best of men must pay. With age and self-discipline they were greatly softened ; they were never inconsistent with genuine kindliness and the most ample charity ; if they gave a handle to opponents they never forfeited his friends' love, and he has been known to make ample, even humble, amends to those whom he had unwittingly hurt. If Dr. Hedley was in some respects an episcopal Dr. Johnson, it should be said of him also that he had "nothing of the bear but its skin" !

Changes that overtook or overshadowed his diocese troubled the Bishop's latter years and tested his peaceable spirit. In order to hasten the conversion of Wales it was proposed to give it a native clergy and a Bishop of its own—the latter easier to accomplish than the former ! The See of St. David's was accordingly suppressed in 1895 and the Welsh counties put under a Vicar-Apostolic. Though English priests had not converted England, a Welsh-speaking clergy, if it could be found, might be more successful in Wales ; but it seemed a curious way to begin the conversion of a country by abolishing its only Bishopric, the oldest See in Britain and the only one restored in the Hierarchy ! This ill-considered scheme was afterwards altered. Bishop Hedley never favoured such hasty experiments and felt the implied slight on his administration, but he would not oppose what was thought to be opportune and helpful. More solid grounds existed for other changes than only the Bishop's modesty delayed. The Cardiff Congress in 1914 brought into prominence the claims of Welsh Catholicity and the position of Cardiff as its capital ; the message of Cardinal Bourne's address had been the development of the Hierarchy as a source of religious progress, and the theme of many papers and speakers was

the ancient glory of the British Church. It seemed incongruous that a Church of such a venerable past should have to look for its Metropolitan to Birmingham! If Ireland had four Archbishops, England three and Scotland two, surely Wales might have one! To meet the peculiar needs and claims of the Principality the Bishop was urged to apply for the erection of a Welsh Province; but he hesitated at the mere appearance of ambition, delaying the application till a few weeks before his death, and never living to see how completely his suggestions were carried out.

Other changes that followed would not have been welcome to the Bishop, who was proud of his Monastic Chapter and Cathedral with their English associations and usages, and in their abolition would have regretted the severance of a valuable link between Regulars and the Hierarchy. These changes have so completely altered the whole setting of his career that to another generation the very titles of Canon Hedley, O.S.B. or a Bishop of Newport will be unintelligible.

Of the Bishop's interior life little record is available, but it was certainly ruled by the lofty ideals that his writings display. *Non aliter fecit quam docuit*. In simplicity of tastes and habits, in unworldliness and love of retirement, in freedom from ambition, he was always the monk. He never talked about himself, his aims or his ailments, bearing with fortitude the disability of lameness, never showing resentment for the slights or injuries to which even Bishops are sometimes exposed. *Semper legit, semper scripsit, semper docuit*. Pressure of work or the buffeting of physical pain did not make him inaccessible to his clergy or less sympathetic to their troubles; he knew them well, was always at their service, and he dispensed to them the modest hospitality that one associates with Bishops and monks. His holidays were change of work or of scene when incidental to change of work. He never travelled for recreation or sight-seeing, or visited Rome except for the call of duty. *Non recuso laborem* would be a fitting epitaph for the monastic life of sixty strenuous years that began on St. Martin's eve in 1855 and closed at Martinmas midday, 1915.

With a small and well-organized diocese where half the clergy were regulars the Bishop of Newport was not overwhelmed by the cares of administration; consequently he had little use for an Auxiliary even when failing under the infirmities of age, and the election for a Coadjutor took place but two days before his own death. Independent, self-reliant, sure of his own judgment, he never seemed to want either counsel or help, though he was glad of sympathy, particularly in later years, and grateful for intelligent appreciation from friends. He was never one to share responsibility or delegate his powers, and with all his broad-mindedness and accessibility there was no more autocratically governed diocese in England. Altogether a strong man, an unwearied worker, a faithful servant set over the Lord's household to give them food in due season, the latest in the line of monk-bishops who follow St. Martin in never shirking toil.

J. I. CUMMINS, O.S.B.

ART. 6.—THOUGHTS FROM BARON VON HÜGEL

WHEN I was a child, I was much puzzled by the meaning of the words "Fast tho' untied" that I read on the gravestone of a great friend of my mother's ; and on which was engraved the design of a rope, twined through the letters of her name, the ends hanging loose and untied. I would stand absorbed by this gravestone, trying to fathom its mysterious words ; I could catch some dim glimmering of their meaning, yet I could not bring it out clearly to myself.

This mysterious suggestiveness seems to be part of what we experience in all the things we love most ; the deeper perceptions contrive to combine in themselves shades of meaning that seem directly contrary, yet are in reality closely related and necessary to each other. Ideas seem to come to us singly, but they gather round themselves almost endless possibilities ; and, as they grow more clearly defined, we find a kind of substantial being emerging that comprehends an enormous paradoxical life. In nothing is this more true than in the life of religion, and the paradoxes of St. Paul are like lamps, illuminating part of its marvellous and rich mysteriousness.

Of this law Baron von Hügel stands as one of the most fertile examples ; he is a most complete illustration of the endless aliveness and mysterious variety of the spiritual life. His knowledge, both dim and clear, his insight and inspiration, touch and hold so many opposite things ; and his words seem to come straight out of some perennially fresh stream continually in full flood.

Indeed, this richness of thought may confuse people who do not know his writings well ; his desire to express all possible lights and implications, both spiritual and historical, produces a whole so immense that it is sometimes difficult to grasp and comprehend. He combines to such an extraordinary degree that mixture of light and shade, of simple and complicated, natural and mysterious, which makes his religious apprehension so inexhaustible and so real. For the difference of his mind from ordinary minds is very apparent ; the things that jostle about so

naturally in his thought are so unusual ; and his immense comprehensiveness, even his characteristic language, obscures his meaning to more stereotyped intelligences.

But once we grasp his words, we find them tremendously significant ; and the many elements to which he draws our attention are facts and fit comfortably into the whole. His words have a texture almost like a fabric ; to myself his language adds an immense strength to his message, it gives a substance and profundity to what he endeavours to say. There must always be a kind of dimness and obscurity in relation to things so fundamental, and his great noble words are like the arches of Cathedrals, they can support the inscrutable that he cannot explain.

With what a piercing insight he seizes and gives us the opposites and contraries of religion's life ! His genius speaks in a language that fits the mysterious something that inspired his soul. He discovers and recommends to us so many opposite things ; things that belong to the same category as "Fast tho' untied".

Thus he would continually point out to one the importance of dimness, and with another breath he would urge the need to "get this very clear". These two things, dimness and clearness, are words that in thinking of him I remember oftenest. And now that he is gone, and one reads this and that specimen of religious thought, how constantly one sees the necessity both for this clearness, and this dimness ! For there seems a total lack of perception of what must be left dim, and equally little knowledge of what should stand clear.

It is a strange fact that many who have followed religion as a call seem to possess no interior religious sense ; he himself so often pointed this out to me. Speaking of some learned divine he would say, "—— is a great Churchman, but he has as much religion in him as my old boot." Thus a demand to have everything shipshape and clear, an almost concrete explanation of the mysterious element of religion, is constantly before our eyes ; and one is almost outraged by the "common-sensible" demands, or the literal explanations that a certain type of mind requires and makes. Words are vehicles and suggestions, the infinite cannot be pinned down into the concrete,

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the contact of man's mind with the divine leaves him silent, he knows his own limitation in the presence of what words cannot express.

To be content in dimness then is necessary, is the part of the religious soul ; only the very limited, the painfully practical, can desire to know everything, to have everything hard and definite, with no hidden life within, dead, like tables and chairs. But with this dimness comes the necessity for clearness, clearness to recognize what matters, what is significant ; clearness to discriminate values, and the relation of this to that. We need the clarity that will show us what is central, what to let go, and what does not fit.

"I want you to hold this very clear"—what a lot of things came under those words ! Things about ourselves and our religious practice, our weaknesses and limitations, our dependence on others, our need for things beyond ourselves. The need for a constant re-conversion to wake us from our habits and lethargies, yet the need to water down our intensities. All these things we must hold very clear, in a constant practice and remembrance of what we need.

And most of all, we must have a certain clearness in regard to Christ, and to God. The reality of God, His nearness to us through all things, yet His transcendence of all things. Our dependence on Him and His Grace ; and our illimitable need for the love of Christ. The need for the life of prayer, for suffering as our purification, and for humility, all these again clear. Yet clear in a kind of dim profoundness that we cannot exhaustively explore ; they are dim certainties of which our apprehension grows. We keep this dimness, this childhood, beside God.

And he was completely at ease, untroubled by such difficult things as Divorce or Birth Control. His clearness here saw no cloud. He was utterly amazed and distressed at what he thought confusion of mind in these matters—to him they seemed to stand so clear. The law of God is not a law that makes us comfortable, it is a costing law, a law we strive to fulfill. Man might desire to make things easier, but to my uncle such

temporizing was impossible, perfectly horrible. The City of God is not of this world, and the Church speaks in the Voice of God! We could not experimentalize in these things, the religious life is a heroism, a tremendous call; take away what it costs and all the virtue and dignity of life has gone. "Christ did not come to make things easy". "Humanitarianism is the greatest enemy to religion". "Divorce and Birth Control, are the jam without the powder, the essence of sin". How many such sentences occur to my mind! His own tender heart and human understanding demanded of men a heroism and costliness that forbade any compromise. In escaping the consequence of our most signal acts, we halve their reality, we lose ourselves as *persons*: life thus becomes nothing at all.

Where he was clear then, he was utterly clear: yet he could not bear any summary judgments, any cutting of knots. He would never push aside difficulties in order to make things clear. For him the very difficulties enhanced the reality of what he pursued; he patiently picked out the spiritual values which he found wound in and out of obscuring facts and words. He searched for the precious core that lies hidden in the heart of many queer things. It is sometimes almost painful to one, now he is gone, to read of the summary dismissal, by minds less deep and perceptive than his, of doctrines that he deeply loved; doctrines so significant to him, of such preciousness, in illuminating the things we all require.

In this connection I think of him especially as regards the doctrine of our Lord's Second Coming, that many find very difficult, and of which some in consequence of these difficulties even deny the authenticity. Yet this doctrine he loved and recognized as most specially from the mind of our Lord.

"There are a whole lot of things in the New Testament, a whole bunch of things, that I do not find easy at all. The young Anglo-Catholics try to get rid of these difficulties; they say the disciples misunderstood Christ, or misinterpreted Him; they are trying to get rid of the apocalyptic element in the teaching of Jesus because it raises so many difficulties that we cannot solve. How I

wish they were not so fond of kite flying! They are always trying to make everything easy, everything clear. They say Christ is so easy we can all understand Him. Is He so easy? I do not find Him so. These young Anglo-Catholics have almost dropped the Synoptic Gospels, they concentrate on St. John—for St. John never mentions the two great difficulties, the exorcisms and the proximate Second Coming.

"Our Lord nearly always treated illness by exorcism, so we have them leaving out the Synoptics because they do not understand what our Lord meant. As regards the Second Coming, I cannot wholly explain its difficulty, I can only minimize it. Yet I love this great doctrine, and I find it to be deeply significant of our Lord's mind. All through the Synoptics we have His insistence on His Second Coming, and on His *Proximate* Second Coming. He was not content with a First Coming, He added a Second. The Jews expected a First Coming, but not a Second; and this Second Coming is utterly un-Jewish; they do not accept it to this hour. Our Lord, even in His earliest and most expansive period, insisted on the sudden coming of the Kingdom, which is 'at hand'. We see everywhere in the Synoptics the immense warnings, and texts obviously of our Lord's own utterance, on the nearness of the Judgment, of the sudden coming of the Kingdom, of His own coming, in glory and power. St. Mark and St. Matthew are full of these comings that are sudden and violent, an irruption that is near. The slow growth of the seed is interrupted, and all this is significant of the very texture of our Lord's mind. The Proximate Second Coming, like His identification of Himself with the Suffering Servant in Isaiah, was His own utterly original idea.

"We must always have an element of mystery in religion, it will never be absolutely clear. If it were, it would not be worth anything at all. So I know I cannot completely understand this great doctrine of the Parousia; (the word is taken from the coins commemorating the sudden visits of the Emperors, in 100 B.C., to the Provinces to see how things went. I have myself seen several of these coins).

"Our Lord sees something, I do not see clearly what. He is beyond me. I know I cannot see what He sees. I do not know that I even want to. But I love to accept this great doctrine, this great teaching of our Lord's; for I see it is part, and a very great part, of His own mind. It is a teaching *peculiar* to our Lord. The sudden arrival of the Kingdom, the choice between good and evil, the immense warnings, the abiding consequences of sin, all these are bound up in this great teaching of our Lord's. All these sudden things heighten our sense of the need for our own self-purification; they fill us with the sense that we must be ready for the suddenness of His call.

"We have, too, the suffering element—the Cross and the Crown—the Cross here, the Crown to come. Our Lord shows us how and through this suffering there comes the joy; in, and through, and because of this suffering. All this is mixed in with the spiritual soul of our Lord. He sees things in time here, as *man* he was successive, otherwise he would have been quite unintelligible to us. The Anglo-Catholics say that the disciples misunderstood him; then they misunderstood Him all through! They say the Second Coming was an invention of the disciples. *Not so*. The disciples did not invent it, they had never heard of it. They did not understand what He meant by it, they dropped it as soon as they could. So we leave this great doctrine in a kind of dimness, like many others, and I love it. For the suddenness and nearness of the Second Coming is part of the spiritual mind of our Lord.

"It is not only a Second Coming, but a Proximate Second Coming.

"To the deepest Spirituality God, the next world, death and the judgment, all these are very near, so that to our Lord's mind these things are all *now*—and I love to accept this great doctrine even if I cannot wholly explain and understand it, it has so deeply helped me myself to understand His spiritual mind and soul".

The Baron's words open a vista, through them we are carried towards some vision, we are penetrated by some perception of what our Lord meant. There is a kind

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of dynamic element in the human personality of Jesus ; a kind of immediacy that expressed itself in His tremendous words of warning, and in this suddenness. Our Lord uses words that awaken us ; He sends fire upon the earth, He plants a sword. Sudden as a thief in the night will His Coming be. Man is not easy to wake, he remains spiritually in some sort of semi-awakeness ; and the kingdom of God, though long prepared, comes not with observation, but suddenly. In a cataclysm, an irruption into our every day life, the day of God and the judgment come.

The tremendousness of God demands, exacts, this breaking suddenness. We are all bound into slothful habits, we all remain in some sort of dim light : and a perception of what *is*, the realization of our imperfection and weakness, our want of love, our sinfulness, needs this terrible awakening. We see our possibilities, and the shortness of life illuminated, we are woken to a more immediate sense of all these things by the clearness of our Lord's call. We are moved to a more humble endeavour, a more desiring love, by the realization of the sudden Advent of Our Lord.

GWENDOLEN GREENE.

ART. 7.—FOR THE QUINCENTENARY OF ST. JOAN*

I

IN the late XIV and XV centuries, as Emile Mâle has shown, the art of Western Europe, permanent and unerring image of the spirit of the time, abandons itself to the contemplation of suffering and death. The artists find their inspiration in scenes of the Passion, the Descent from the Cross, the Entombment; Our Lady has a sword in her heart. Or the world appears as a Dance of Death, and death itself no longer a celestial sleep, but a summons from a mocking skeleton, in naked horror. It is an age of dark portents and apocalyptic fears in which the whole fabric of society seems crumbling. In 1377—three years before St. Catherine of Siena died, dreaming nightly that she was being crushed to death by the Ship of the Church resting upon her—the Great Schism had begun, dividing the allegiance of nations between two Popes, till the Synod of Pisa added a third; and when in 1417 the spiritual unity of Christendom seemed at last restored, essential problems of the Church remained unsolved. While the mediæval dream of a temporal unity, of a world at one under the supreme authority of an Emperor, personification of law, arbiter, guardian of the *pax romana*, had vanished irremediably. In the East the Turks were threatening Constantinople, which would fall in 1454, unsuccoured by the West. The general anarchy brings with it moral

* The Archbishop of Rouen will lay the foundation stone of a Chapel dedicated to St. Joan of Arc in the market-place of Rouen on May 31, 1931, the five-hundredth anniversary of her martyrdom. His Grace has issued an appeal to the Catholic world for financial assistance in raising a worthy memorial to her holy memory. It is estimated that the cost of acquiring the houses and business premises on the site and of building the Chapel will amount to about five million francs. A special appeal has been issued in England under the patronage of H. E. Cardinal Bourne, and with the distinguished support of many prominent Catholics and non-Catholics. I feel it an honour to have been asked to associate the DUBLIN REVIEW with this appeal. Donations may be sent to, and all enquiries should be made of, the Hon. Secretary, St. Joan's Quincentenary Celebrations Appeal, care of St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance, 55 Berners Street, London, W.1. (EDITOR D.R.)

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confusion. The torture-chamber now becomes a commonplace of feudal architecture. In England great barons struggle bloodily for the Crown, and the headsman's axe seems never idle. In France the Duke of Orleans is hacked to pieces by his cousin the Duke of Burgundy, while the doctrine of tyrannicide is openly preached in a Church Council. Then in revenge the Duke of Burgundy is in his turn hacked to pieces on the bridge of Montereau, before the eyes of the Dauphin.

Meanwhile Henry V, in alliance with Burgundy, on a flimsy pretext lays claim to the French throne; at Agincourt in 1415 the flower of the French armies is destroyed, and five years later the Treaty of Troyes gives him the whole of the North of France and promise of succession. The Dauphin is disinherited, driven beyond the Loire, where he remains even after the death of his father, the mad King. And France, once the mainstay of Christendom, overrun by armed mercenaries, with many districts that to this day have never fully recovered, seemed like to perish.

It is against this background that the story of St. Joan unfolds, itself like a fairy-tale, like a legend from the lost days of chivalry, till it becomes a dark, cruel story of greed and betrayal and merciless fear.

It was in 1412, as far as she could say, that Joan was born in Domrémy in Lorraine, to grow up after the manner of country children, helping with the ploughing, guarding the herds or driving them into shelter when marauders threatened, busy with all the labours of the farm, spinning and sewing, and learning from her mother her *Pater, Ave* and *Credo*. When the case for her "Rehabilitation" was brought forward, twenty years after her death, the thatchers, wheelwrights and farm labourers who had been her playmates or known her childhood would testify how "she was the best of two villages", how they had heard the old curé tell often that he had never seen her like, how she would give up her bed to wandering beggars, and how all loved her, even while as boys they teased her for her piety. "She often blushed", said Hauviette, her friend, "when people said

she went too much to church," And of the fairy tree they told also, how on Laetare Sunday all the children would dance round it singing and hang it with garlands, and afterwards picnic on the grass beneath its shade—no more and no less than St. Joan herself had told her judges, who had read fatal import into her words.

It was in her thirteenth year that Joan heard her Voices for the first time. "It was about noon," she would tell, "in my father's garden." Till her trial they remained her secret, sacredly guarded, and only then (unless perhaps at Poitiers) did she speak of visionary presences—St. Michael, guardian of France, by the token of his Norman sanctuary of Mont-Saint-Michel which all through the hundred years of war remained inviolate; St. Catherine and St. Margaret, fair and crowned—typical manifestations of the time, for never, says M. Mâle, were the saints nearer to men than at the close of the Middle Ages. It seems that she also saw angels, "under the form of things infinitely small", even as St. Brigitte saw them "as motes in a sunbeam".

For five years her Voices adjure her, bidding her at first "be a good child, and God will help you", then telling her "of the pitifulness of the realm of France", revealing to her that it is she who must restore the Dauphin to his throne, till the certainty is hers "that for this she was born". Until, when she is scarce seventeen, the spring of 1429 finds her in neighbouring Vaucouleurs, itself threatened by a Burgundian army, imploring the bluff Captain Robert de Baudricourt to give her escort, determined to seek the Dauphin, though she "*wear her legs to the knees*", "*longing to be gone as a woman with child longs for her delivery*". Till at last Baudricourt, who, it seems, had repulsed her the previous year, is half convinced, and sends her forth with a sceptical "*Adviennne que pourra !*"

"Do you think you did well", they asked her at her trial, "to have left your father and your mother without their leave?"

"Since God commanded, if I had had a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, and if I had been a king's daughter, I should still have gone."

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And thus, after riding three hundred miles through perilous country, she came to Chinon, where the Dauphin Charles skulked among his upstart favourites, having seen his armies and his Scotch allies suffer defeat after defeat, not daring to seek his crown at Rheims, unable to succour beleaguered Orleans, now the chief city of his diminished kingdom. To him the Maid gave a Sign in proof of her heavenly sending: its exact nature remained secret, and at her trial she would face torture rather than reveal it, but it seems that it bore upon his secret doubts of his own birth. To the clergy of Poitiers, to whom he sent her for examination, she made four prophecies: that she would relieve Orleans, that she would lead the Dauphin to Rheims, that he would regain Paris, and that the Duke of Orleans should return from captivity in England. By the time of her Rehabilitation, all had been fulfilled. Meanwhile the Poitiers doctors, convinced by the goodness they found in her, and reassured by the examples of Judith and Jael and Deborah in other days, gave the King leave to let her do her will. And so at the end of April, clad in white armour, bearing her banner showing the world in the hand of God between adoring angels, at the head of the relieving army she set out for Orleans.

Prophecy had prepared the way for her. It was remembered how years before Marie d'Avignon had dreamed of a warrior maid who would restore France; how in the book of Geoffrey of Monmouth Merlin had foretold that from the "Bois Chesnu" ("nemus canutum") would come a maid for the healing of nations—le Bois Chesnu—the wood behind her fairy tree. And assuredly Merlin was a fitting prophet for her, in whom were the high truth and courtesy, the mingled valour and gentleness, that chivalry dreamed of in the Table Round. The deliverance she brought, she said, was sent "at the prayer of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne", and a breath from those epic days comes with her, kindling the lives of her companions for all too brief a while.

The chief captains of France would bear witness later, how all a soldier's qualities were hers: endurance, the gay courage that inspires men, the prudence that discerns

when to attack and when to decline battle, with a skill in placing the guns, in arraying the ranks, equal to that of men who had spent their lives in war. They would testify also to her pity for the prisoners, for the fallen, and tell, with some lingering wonder, how her grace and beauty held for them no temptation, as though all, like young Jean of Metz, "were set on fire by her words, by her divine love".

The deliverance of Orleans was her work, as the ever-grateful citizens have never forgotten. Saint she was for them when everywhere else her memory seemed covered by the dust of centuries. Her counsel prevailed in organizing the assault upon the investing forts of the English. Foremost in the press, where men are struggling with "bow-shot and gun-shot, axes, bills and leaden maces", she, banner in hand—that she may kill no one—is first upon the scaling ladder. Wounded—the arrow passed through her body and stuck out a hand's-breadth behind—it is she who rallies the French for a last effort, after the retreat had sounded, turning defeat into decisive victory.

Then, when her wound is healed, comes the "week of victories"; Jargeau falls, and Meun, and Beaugency, and at last the whole English forces are all but destroyed at the battle of Pathay.

By then every news-letter of Europe is full of her. The Archbishop of Embrun salutes her as "the angel of the hosts of the Lord". To the aged poetess Christine de Pisan it seems the sun has shone for the first time after eleven years of weeping, stirring her to a poem that is also a *Nunc Dimittis*, in which she cries proudly:

"Honneur au sexe féminin,
Que Dieu doit l'aymer, il appert. . . ."

And the great Gerson, also at his life's end, who with Christine had defended womanhood against the cynics of the age, who had fought and wept for the suffering people, celebrates the Maid in discerning praise; with the warning—for he has cause to know the fickleness of men—that should she fail in any enterprise, that were no proof that her mission was not of God.

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Only the Dauphin with his favourites fail to catch fire at her flame ; she must seek him out, weeping, clasping his knees, begging him, "Gentle Dauphin, hold not such long and wordy councils, but come to Rheims and receive your crown". It is her will that drags him there, her energy that vanquishes the resistance of Troyes, when all the Council advised withdrawal, so that Chalons opens its gates, and Rheims grows ready to receive the King. And on July 17, the Maid standing by, her banner in her hand, he is solemnly crowned, anointed with the holy oil of Saint Rémi, becoming King indeed.

Here was the culmination of her work, and already the threads of tragedy were weaving for her. "I will last but a year and a little more", she had said repeatedly, and now, when the road to Paris lay open, when town after town was offering allegiance to the new-crowned King, he gave ear to those who intrigued on behalf of Burgundy, speaking of peace, where the Maid saw clearly that there could be "*no peace save at the lance's point*". Without her knowledge truces were made that bound her hands, and renewed even when the Duke of Burgundy was appointed Governor of Paris and lieutenant, in the King of England's name, of all the North of France save Normandy. After one assault on Paris—made in earnest by the Maid alone ; wounded, she still cried to the men to charge till after night-fall—came order of withdrawal. "And thus", says Perceval de Cagny, the chronicler, "was broken the will of the Maid and the army of the King."

"A year and a little more . . ." The autumn drags through for her in idleness at Court. In the winter she is sent against remaining English strongholds on the Loire ; against St. Pierre Moutier, which she takes by assault, against La Charité, where she fails through lack of money or supplies. Then, with spring, she rides forth with a little company to the succour of Compiègne—the loyal city, ceded as bribe to Burgundy, yet determined to resist to the death.

But now, in Easter week, she has heard her Voices, warning her that her sands are nearly run.

"They told me", she would say, "that I should be

taken before St. John's Day. . . . But they told me not the hour. . . . Had I known, I should not have gone willingly. And yet, I would have obeyed my Voices, come what might."

And she adds: "I begged my Voices that when I was taken I might die soon, without long torment of prison. And they told me, 'Take all with a good will, for so it must be'."

And so at Compiègne, on May 23, 1436, leading a sortie under the walls of the city, she is dragged from her horse by her scarlet cape and taken. Six months afterwards her captor, Jean of Luxembourg, sold her to the English for the king's ransom of ten thousand pounds. And on January 3—three days before her nineteenth birthday—a prisoner at Rouen, she is consigned to Bishop Cauchon, whose zeal had procured the sale, for trial according to the procedure of the Church on a charge of heresy.

Of the judges who condemned her, says Isambard de la Pierre, the Dominican assistant to the Vice-Inquisitor, "some, like the Bishop of Beauvais, sought to gain the good graces of the English. Some, who were English, were imbued with the spirit of revenge. Others, the doctors of the University of Paris, were paid. Others, like the Vice-Inquisitor (and, he might have added, himself), acted through fear. But, all was ordered by the King of England, the Cardinal of Winchester, the Earl of Warwick and other English, who paid all the expenses of the trial."

Assuredly on the English responsibility lies heaviest. It was by taxes levied by the Regent, the Duke of Bedford, that the money was raised to buy her, in the name of Henry VI, the boy King. In his name letters of surety were delivered to all who had taken part in her trial, and in his name her death was announced with triumph to the Pope, to the Emperor, to the cardinals, and to all the princes of Europe. They were English soldiers who guarded her, so that again and again she would ask with tears for protection from their ill-treatment. One of

them would have assaulted her had not the Earl of Warwick heard her cries ; and if he intervened, and intervened again when the Earl of Stafford drew his dagger upon her, it was through no clemency, but in the first case because of orders from the Duchess of Bedford, and in the second from determination that the Maid should die but "by justice in the flames". It is said that he turned upon the ecclesiastical judges in anger when it seemed that by abjuration she had saved her life—and at the same time there were riots among the English soldiery. The threat of English violence hangs over all the judges. Lohier, who opined the trial illegal, must fly the city, and the Vice-Inquisitor has ado to save his assistant from the Seine.

But the guilt of the death of the Maid lies also upon the French, even the French of Charles VII. There are suspicious signs that in the very Court she had enemies who betrayed her. "I fear nothing, save treason", she had said. And certainly the Archbishop of Rheims, the Chancellor of the Realm, who was in relations both with the Governor of Compiègne and with the Court of Burgundy, seems well-pleased at her capture. And he, Cauchon's superior, lifted no finger to save. While Charles, her King, abandons her to her fate ; his embassies to the Pope bear no mention of her. One of those souls whom the supernatural makes craven, maybe he himself was of those of whom Pius II speaks, who "doubted by what spirit she was led".

And, again, a collective responsibility rests upon an important section of the churchmen of the time. As Gabriel Hanotaux has counted, those who actually condemned her number one cardinal and two future cardinals, eleven bishops or future bishops, ten abbots of great abbeys, the University of Paris, a majority of the Chapter of Rouen. Cauchon, Courcelles, and many others go straight from her burning to the Council of Bâle, where, indeed, schismatic, they will cast "fire into the House of the Lord". It is as though all that was diseased in Christendom had ranged itself against this "Daughter of God"—prelates such as Gerson lamented, "who cumulate benefices . . . bishops, abbots and monks

who are rather officers of the State than of the Church", the pedantry of the decadence of scholasticism, and fear deeper-rooted than that of the English alone.

And this fear was manifold; the perennial jealous fear of prowess of woman; fear of the rise of the people as threatening the dominant powers—the peasants of England had heard already the couplet "When Adam dived and Eve span . . .". (The Bishop of Lisieux will declare expressly that because of the Maid's "vile estate" her mission cannot be from God!) If they are suspicious of her device "Jesus-Maria" (as a contemporary Roman tribunal was suspicious of St. Bernardino's devotion to the Holy Name) it is maybe because they fear the current of intimate mysticism undermining their edifice of arid sophistry, a current that found expression in Gerson and Thomas à Kempis and the Rhine mystics, but which, deviated, was indeed also turned to the account of heresy by Wyclif and Huss. And again, in the many questions Cauchon asks the Maid as to the fairy tree, as to her godmother who saw the fairies, as to the form of her Voices, one divines that fear of sorcery that is one of the characteristics of the century. The *Malleus Maleficorum* is of this time, and in it, indeed, St. Joan is mentioned, albeit with doubt.

Summoned before the Court on February 20, 1431, Joan makes two requests: that she may hear Mass, and that ecclesiastics of her own party may have place among her judges. Both are refused. It was said that she asked for counsel, and that this was likewise denied her, though canon law ordained that counsel should be provided for all accused under twenty-five.

For two months Cauchon questions her, at first in the presence of some forty assessors, then privily in prison with only his chosen satellites. They ask her of her Voices, and to the question, was St. Michael clothed or naked, she gives the famous answer, "Do you think God has not wherewithal to clothe him?" And to the question, is she in a state of grace, that equally famous "If I be not, may God bring me thereto, and if I am, may He keep me therein". They harass her about her man's dress, which she will not lay aside: it is the sign of her

mission, and her sole protection. (To their charge on this count, they add that she wore fur, and finery above her station, that she chose a style worn only by "most dissolute men", that is, by the young man of elegance, who in those days took his share of greybeard reprobation.) They persecute her with questions as to the sign she gave the King, till from the ideas they suggest she frames an allegory, herself as an angel offering him a crown. They accuse her of attempted suicide, for when in the custody of Jean de Luxembourg she had leaped from a tower sixty feet high in attempt to escape. "I had heard tell", she answers, "that the people of Compiègne over seven years old would be put to fire and sword, and I would rather have died than live after the destruction of so many good people. That was one reason. The other was that I knew I was sold to the English, and I would rather have died than be in the hands of the English, my enemies." But she adds: "I did not jump out of despair, but hoping to save my body and to succour the many good people who were in straits. Afterwards I confessed and asked forgiveness of God."

And now comes the insidious demand, "We summon you to submit to the decision of Holy Mother Church". What do they mean by submission? She will appeal repeatedly to the Pope, she will appeal, on Brother Isambard's advice, to the Council of Bâle, and her appeal will be buried in silence. What do they mean by the Church? Assuredly, simply an ecclesiastical tribunal. And though they expound to her that the Church Militant is "the Pope, the Cardinals, the prelates, the clergy and all good Christians", they are of the University party, seeing in themselves "Ratio dictans in Ecclesia", and holding that authority lies not with the Pope but with "*les gens en ce connaissant*". Those of them that go to Bâle will not shrink from schism. And the terrible epithets applied to Joan will have a parallel in the "simonist, perjurer, incorrigible, schismatic, outside the pale of faith, obstinately heretical" with which they would brand. . . . the Pope.

On their lips 'The Church' means now, irrelevantly, the infallible Church, now vaguely the Ecclesiastical

Hierarchy. And with supernatural acumen, the Maid draws the distinction: "I well believe that our Holy Father the Pope of Rome and the bishops and other churchfolk are for the guarding of the Christian faith and the punishment of those in error; but as for me and my deeds, I will only submit to the Church in Heaven." She will add later: "In all, I will submit to the Church militant, unless she asks of me the impossible. . . . If the Church wished me to do otherwise than God has commanded, I would not do it." And again, when they ask her, does she not believe herself subject to the Church of God on earth, she answers, "Yes, but God must be served first."

And Jean Bréhal will bring forward weighty authorities to prove her right. For the Infallible Church pronounces only on faith and morals. "And since Joan's sayings and doings did not touch on faith, she could not err dangerously in not submitting." . . . "What she said and did came from divine inspiration, and this brings with it liberty . . . for by divine disposition every human bond is broken." Nay, given her certainty that her Voices were of God, she would have sinned, had she denied them." And he adds, quoting the decretals: "No one must go against conscience, and when one has certainty, he must rather follow conscience than the sentence of the Church." "Theology too little known", says Monseigneur Baudrillart; and it is strange that Catholic historians have allowed Protestants to claim this essentially Catholic respect of the right of conscience as something of their own."

And so the trial goes on for two months more. Even when she lies in bed, sick, she believes, unto death, begging only for the Sacraments, and that her body may rest in holy ground, they spare her nothing, but continue to press her for unqualified submission, "alleging and explaining many authorities taken from Holy Scripture and many examples". She answers, "I love God and serve Him, I am a good Christian, and I would aid and uphold Holy Church with all my might." Then come public admonitions. "I will not call them exhortations, but tortures", says Bréhal, and it is a Grand Inquisitor

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who speaks ; nor can he find other words for her treatment in prison, in darkness, with heavy chains upon her limbs night and day.

She is brought to the torture-chamber itself. "If you tear off my limbs, and drive my soul from my body," she says, "I could say nothing different, and if I did, afterwards I would say you forced it from me." And at her constancy even her judges are ashamed, and this one thing is spared her.

Then come fresh exhortations, and the forced abjuration—though what she really abjured has never been clear. Many witnesses testify that the long "confession" was fraudently substituted for a brief formula, "the length of a paternoster", she actually signed.

There is something terrible about the lives of saints ; their heroic virtue implies always a price of suffering. In the last interrogations of St. Joan, through the aura of sainthood we see a tortured child, betrayed by the churchmen she was taught to reverence, crying out, "I had rather die than remain in chains ! You promised I should hear Mass and receive my Saviour. Put me in a gracious prison and I will be good. I will do what the Church wills." But a moment later it is the young soldier who speaks, in grave election of torment and death. "God told me through St. Catherine and St. Marguerite of the great pitifulness of the great treason I have committed, abjuring to save my life."

Her Voices had promised her "deliverance with great victory". They had added, "Take all with good will ; do not grieve at your martyrdom." "What do you mean by your martyrdom ?" Cauchon had asked her, and she had answered, "The pain and sorrow I suffer in prison." She had not understood, and if we are to believe the unauthenticated records of her last day on earth, there remained for her a darkest hour of all, when it seemed that even her Voices had held deceit. Be that as it may, when she was led to the stake her doubt had gone ; she called upon her saints, and with the name of Jesus on her lips she died—five hundred years ago this May.

BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER.

ART. 8.—NOTES AT AVIGNON

THE glories of Avignon departed when the Popes returned to Rome after seventy years' sojourn in this city beside the Rhône, in the fourteenth century.

It was, at that date, a city of beautiful churches, monasteries and convents, interspersed with courtly, ornate residences; while, above all, towered the massive constructions of the vast, fortified Papal palace, which we may still see.

Having the privilege of writing these notes in an ancient house, once within the precincts of the palace, and where St. Catherine of Siena is said to have stayed during her memorable visit to Avignon, we gaze on a most enchanting view. The setting sun throws a golden glow over the ivory towers of the marvellous structure, which centuries cannot destroy.

At first sight it appears rather as a great fortress than a palace; but it was both. These crenelated ramparts and huge square towers were destined to defend the independence of the Holy See from the attacks of many enemies, and mercenary troops, who wandered about France in search of plunder and tribute. Pope Clement V, seeking peace from the incessant quarrels of the Guelfs and Ghibelines in Rome, came to dwell at Avignon in 1309, and his successors, John XXII, Benedict XII, Clement VI and Innocent VI, never left this city, and rest in their sculptured tombs in the cathedral. Urban V, after two years spent in Rome, returned to die here in 1370, and it was left to his successor, Gregory XI, to transfer the Holy See definitely to Rome, at the earnest persuasion of St. Catherine of Siena. During this period the Popes built and fortified the palace. Italian influence is visible everywhere, although French architects were employed. A great number of Italians followed the Papal Court from Rome. "We almost think we are in an Italian city," writes Stendhal, "on entering Avignon."

Seen from outside the Popes' fortress, flanked by six lofty square towers, its walls strengthened by pointed arcades, against walls surmounted by machicolated

battlements, it is most imposing, joining the cathedral on the north side. Its main entrance, on the west, is protected by two round towers. The strong walls are formed of small, square, well-cut white stones, and have been well-restored, and surround the palace within. But to get a good idea of its extent we must mount with the tourists to the summit of one of its great towers, that called *Trouailles*, or the *Campane*. Looking down, we see the simple outlines of the palace within these walls.

Two rectangular courts are surrounded by buildings containing the dwellings of the Court, the halls, chapels, law-courts, the pontifical rooms and the arsenal. The whole has been compared to a double monastery; but the great rooms have long been despoiled of their rich furniture, tapestries and pictures, some of which may be seen in museums.

Pope Clement VI was the guest of the Dominicans during his residence at Avignon; but his successor, John XXII, who had formerly been Bishop of Avignon, enlarged and fortified the Bishop's palace on the rock, south of the cathedral, and traced the plan of the future palace, which it was the work of Benedict XII to carry out. They built the great dungeon towers, *La Campane*, and *Trouailles*, and that of *La Glacière*, where, in 1791, the sixty victims of the revolutionaries were massacred by Jourdain, called henceforth *Coupe têtes*. The bell on the *Campane* rang for the last time on the eve of this tragedy. In "St. John's tower" are two chapels, richly frescoed, one of which was dedicated to St. John, and the other to St. Martial, with a fine fresco of his martyrdom. The groined roof and arches are covered with most animated and lifelike frescoes. Below the chapels are the great kitchens, thought to be chambers of the Inquisition by the ignorance of the last century.

A few arches may be seen of the fine cloister that ran round the courts, surmounted by a graceful gallery. The green court was planted as a garden, and the south court was used for the garrison, while the buildings between contained the vast hall of reception. There

was also a covered tennis court. The "Tower of the Angels", which contained the valuable library of MSS., looks down on us, almost untouched by time. The palace owes to Clement VI its architectural masterpiece, the vast audience chamber and the pontifical chapels; the former was fifty-two metres long by eleven wide, and was lit by eleven fine windows in the ogival style. Its lofty vaulted roof and graceful columns, now well restored, have a most impressive effect. The great staircase leads to the chapel above, through a fine carved doorway recently discovered. The "Gallery of the Conclaves" runs along this court, with its sculptured columns and Italian balustrade. Italian artists were responsible for the decorations and frescoes, of which the finest were in the audience-hall, dimly seen at the present time. They were said to be of the School of Siena. Was this a tribute to St. Catherine's sweet influence?

After the departure of the Popes the palace was left to the legates and vice-legates, who ruled Avignon from then, but several sieges, and a great fire, caused much destruction; and though Pope Leo X began to restore the place, it gradually fell into disuse, except as a garrison and a prison. After the great revolution it sheltered French soldiers until 1906.

Let us descend to the old cobbled streets of the town by "St. Anne's Stairway", of a hundred and more steps, leading down from the rock on which the palace is built on the east side, and the "Tower of the Angels" faces us, seen from its basement to its lofty summit. We listen to the beautiful story of how the young saint Peter, Prince of Luxemburg, a cardinal before he was seventeen, was in residence at the Papal Court when a child fell from the top of this tower and was killed; how the saint was summoned to the spot, and prayed there beside the little body, and how the boy came to life and was restored to his parents by the saint. The latter died at the age of two-and-twenty, and his tomb may be seen in his own chapel, in the Church of St. Didier, with a painting of this miracle.

The dark background of gnarled Roman pines and

olive-trees, on the summit of the great rock, throws into relief the cathedral with its square tower, surmounted by the gilt, life-sized statue of Our Lady "des Doms", so beloved by the people of Avignon. Built on the site of the older basilica of Charlemagne, in the eleventh century, the cathedral, with its large square porch, adorned with sculptured columns and a fresco by Simone Martini over the door, has a rich and unique character of its own. A bright light is thrown on the high altar from a graceful, octagonal lantern over it, with pointed windows; while the nave, with its five massive arches and sculptured capitals, lies in dim twilight. The Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where the Popes said Mass, looks like a bit out of Rome, with its rich marbles and frescoes. The white marble of the balustrade of a graceful gallery runs round the nave, above the beautiful marble pulpit. The tombs of the Popes and bishops here were much defaced during the revolution; but that of Benedict XII, and John XXII are still very fine, and the statuettes on the latter have been replaced. Descending now to the narrow, cobbled streets in the town below the palace, we find that much remains to interest the archæologist; and though many fine churches have been destroyed, yet in many cases their towers have been preserved, built into the houses alongside; for example, the graceful tower with its pinnacle, of the Augustinians; and the ancient "Jacquemar" rising above, and in the centre of the modern town-hall. If we take a walk to the three chapels of the *Grey*, *White* and *Black Penitents*, so called from the colour of their habits, we may blend memories of Avignon's wonderful past, with what remains in our own more prosaic times.

These confraternities were once very numerous in the south of France and Italy; and in Avignon alone, there were seven different Rules, each with its own colour and habit.

They are described in an ancient manual as "pious associations of Christians, who wish to sanctify themselves by exact observance of the Commandments of God and the Church, and by more assiduous zeal and

piety". They were not celibates, but lived in the world and met at their own chapel, when they wore a long-hooded mantle with the emblem of their confraternity worked on it. They followed a special rule, and were much encouraged by the Popes at Avignon, where the pleasures of the world were so attractive and the climate so agreeable. They were in harmony with the ardent piety and mysticism of the Provençaux, and their orthodoxy was a valuable asset, in opposition to the Albigensian heresy which long ravaged the south of France. Their dramatic processions were very popular with a people who loved colour and fêtes so much; and the richer members gave their wealth to the adornment of their beautiful chapels.

In the picturesque little *Place Principale* may be seen the old church of Notre Dame, which is now the chapel of the confraternity of the White Penitents, founded by King Boson of Provence. This church is reduced in size, and its fine sculptures have been mutilated; but the central aisle has been restored since the Revolution to form the White Penitents' chapel. There are some fine pictures there; and the altarpiece, by Mignard, represents St. Simon Stock receiving the Brown Scapular from Our Lady. Over the door may be seen the sculptured emblem of the White Penitents, a heart surrounded by the Crown of Thorns. This confraternity was founded in 1527 by the Archbishop Angelo de Medicis, and it soon became a notable and aristocratic company, for Charles IX, King of France, inscribed his name on it, and was received in their chapel in the white robe, and with a lighted torch in his hand; he walked in their procession through the town, and most of the nobility of the country donned the white habit too. The penances required were severe, although one of the articles of the constitution restricted the over-zealous, as follows: "Those wishing to take the discipline during the procession, must not do so till the end of the service, under the penalty of being prevented from following the procession. On returning from it they must present themselves at the infirmary of the confraternity,

where the rector will give orders for their care and healing." In the sixteenth century their beautiful chapel was built in the gardens of the Dominicans, the largest monastery in the town. But both were ruined in the Revolution, and it was not till the restoration of the Monarchy that the confraternity was again re-assembled, and the abandoned church of Notre Dame was given to them. Nowadays, public penances, and even the procession, have been forbidden; and the diminished confraternity is occupied with works of charity solely, and meetings for devotions at the chapel. The Sunday Mass at eleven is, however, frequented by the élite of the town, and there is not a seat empty.

Below the lofty towers and ramparts of the Papal palace, and behind it, may be seen the ornate façade of a chapel, adorned with Corinthian columns. The doorway is surmounted by sculptured cherubs, presenting the head of St. John the Baptist on a dish; this is the emblem of the Black Penitents and their chapel, one of the gems of Avignon, for it is unmutilated. Under the deep-blue sky, the delicate, classic architecture of this chapel forms a charming contrast to the gigantic, bare towers of the Papal palace. . . . The Black Penitents were founded in the sixteenth century, by Pompeo Catilina, colonel of the troops, and a native of Rieti. They were to be entirely occupied with works of charity—visiting the poor and prisoners, helping those condemned to death, and burying the dead. Every year they also gave a dowry to ten poor girls. They received a special privilege from Pope Clement VII, that of releasing a prisoner yearly, on the festival of the beheading of St. John the Baptist. Pope Paul V extended this to every day in the year. Long after the Popes had left Avignon, Italians influenced the town, so this confraternity was affiliated to the Roman confraternity of St. John the Baptist, called the "Misericordia of the Italian nation"; and the beautiful oratory was built by a wealthy brother, a knight of the Order of St. John Lateran and member of the Bologna Academy. So the almost Tuscan grace of this building is not surprising.

A vestibule, adorned with Corinthian marble columns,

gives on to the chapel by a door, over which is a fine picture of St. Sebastian, by Riminaldi. The walls of the chapel are covered with gilded panels, representing classic designs, and surrounding fine oil paintings. The emblem of St. John the Baptist, so often repeated, does not hinder the joyous character of the decorations. The sacristy is adorned with tasteful oak carvings, and a pretty marble fountain is placed in the centre. After the early Mass on Sundays, the chapel is closed all the week, except for the meetings of the few brothers who still carry on the traditions of the confraternity. Their habit is a black cloak with the head of St. John the Baptist worked on the shoulder.

The little River Sorgue runs along one side of the narrow, old Rue de la Tannerie, and is bordered by the overhanging and gnarled plane-trees on one side; and on the other, by the Chapel of the Grey Penitents in its old garden, which now belongs to the Jesuits, who also serve the chapel. This building is approached by a bridge over the Sorgue, and then through a long, covered hall, to a central round chapel. This leads to an old chapel of Our Lady; and on the right, to the curious, long-panelled Chapel of the Grey Penitents, with its brilliantly lit Altar of Perpetual Adoration. This privilege was given by the Pope, about the middle of the fifteenth century, in consequence of a great miracle which took place at this chapel in 1443, and which rendered this confraternity popular above all others. At that date the Rhône overflowed its banks; and so swelled its tributary, the Sorgue, which runs round the grounds of the chapel, that it overflowed. Fearing that the water would reach to the Tabernacle on the altar, the superiors of the Grey Penitents rowed in a boat to the gates of the sanctuary, and saw a strange sight. The waters had entered the chapel up to the altar; but they remained heaped up on each side of the narrow aisle, to the height of about four feet, so that a dry passage was left to the altar. Twelve penitents and four brothers witnessed the prodigy, and the chaplain carried away the Blessed Sacrament dry-shod. When the inundation was over there was no trace of damp

around the altar. The report of this excited the people beyond measure, and the confraternity increased so much, that the chapel had to be enlarged. In memory of this miracle, there is a solemn Mass on each anniversary of it, at which the penitents are present with a discipline round their necks, and their hoods over their heads. They go on their knees from the entrance to the altar.

The chapel was rebuilt in the sixteenth century, and enriched with paintings and sculptures. Since 1818, when the Holy Father renewed the privilege of perpetual adoration there, it has never been interrupted. The confraternity has dwindled; but about a dozen old men may still be seen in their grey cloaks in their stalls in the chapel, which is served by the Jesuits from their large college of St. Joseph, near. In the long entrance-hall to the chapel there is an old print representing the miracle.

A description of a procession of this confraternity in 1771, by one of its members, will give an idea of its importance :

The town was then governed by a Papal Legate, Angelo Durini, and it is related that more than fifty thousand persons assembled for the procession, from the neighbouring country, and all parts of Provence. At nine o'clock in the evening, the cannons from the palace, and the chimes from innumerable church-towers, opened the fête, together with illuminations of the palace and chapel. The crowd rushed inside the latter, to see over three hundred torches lit up, while vases of perfumes arranged on each side, gave forth sweet odours; garlands of flowers, some of which were made of crystal, added to the effect; and ribbon streamers, bunches of grapes and ears of corn, intermingled with gold, dazzled the eye. At nine o'clock next morning the procession started from this chapel, to the sound of trumpets. First came the Grey Penitents, with their hooded cloaks, a small wooden cross round their necks, and bare feet [on the cobbles!]; the Town Guard made way for them, but when the penitents from Tarascon and other towns joined up, they were given the first place. After walking to the *Porte St. Michel*, past many convents, duly decorated, they returned by another gateway to the chapel, where they heard Mass to the accompaniment of three bands, and then they dispersed, till four o'clock.

Then the procession again started, increased by deputations from the Guilds, each bearing a huge torch with four flaming wicks; then came thirty musicians, singing to instruments, followed by a great cross, and forty silver censers carried by acolytes. Next came the students of the seminary, and ecclesiastics with golden girdles and censers, while the master of ceremonies threw flowers into the air. Then came the grenadiers with a huge drum; and next a troop of twenty young nobles, playing, on flutes, the melodies of the Marquis d'Achard, a local composer, who had trained them. Then the magnificent baldachino, embroidered with gold and diamonds, carried by six ecclesiastics; while the consuls and high officials held the ribbons; the Archbishop of Avignon, Giovio of Perugia, carried the Blessed Sacrament; followed by the Vice-Legate, Cardinal Durmio, and all his court. He held a great torch in a case of crimson velvet. The cavalry and Swiss Guard closed the procession.

Every religious house that had set up an altar of repose was visited; from the hospital they went to the Poor Clares, whose altar was adorned with pictures and tapestry; then to the old palace of King René of Provence, now an Ursuline convent; and after passing through the Square of the *Jacquemar*, before the town-hall, they reached the square of the Papal palace, and were saluted by the guns and the great cathedral bell. Benediction was given from the steps of the palace to the immense crowd which filled the square; a truly gorgeous spectacle. As night fell, the music of flutes and other instruments filled the narrow streets, descending to the town; and then the whole procession wound back again to the "Grey" Chapel, where at ten o'clock a homily was preached to them, which so touched this emotional people, that many shed tears. Another *Te Deum* was sung, and then the people dispersed, after six hours' walking on the hard cobbles of Avignon.

Attracted by the Italian surroundings of Avignon, under the sway of the Popes, Petrarch came to join the brilliant court here about 1340; but he soon found a more congenial home at Vaucluse. He was greeted by the passionate sympathy of the *Provençaux* for all poets. Of Vaucluse, a little town west of Avignon, he writes:

. . . Here I have two gardens for myself, which enchant me, and I do not think anything in the world resembles them. I

call them my "trans-alpine (paradise) Parnassus!" One is shady, and suited for study, dedicated to Apollo; it is on the incline, leading down to the source of the Sorgue, and it is bounded by rocks and inaccessible places, where only birds can alight. The other is nearer to the house, and agreeable to Bacchus, and in a capricious position. It is prolonged by a little bridge over a grotto, where the sun's rays never penetrate.

This, and many other letters, indicate clearly the position of Petrarch's house at the foot of a great rock, crowned by a castle, whose ruins may still be seen. It was really the property of Petrarch's friend, Pierre de Cabasol, to whom he wrote the above letter, and with whom he stayed for long periods. The fountain of Vaucluse, mentioned by the poet, still pours its abundant waters into its rocky basin, although it is now surrounded by the buildings of a factory. More poignant memories of Petrarch are awakened at the tomb of her, whom his verses celebrated. Laura's tomb is in what remains of the church of the Franciscan friars, once the largest in Avignon, where she was buried in 1348. Nearly two centuries later, Francis, the first King of France, was shown the tomb, believed to be that of Laura. The King had the tomb opened and placed on it these verses, which he had composed: we have modernized the spelling only:

*En petit lieu compris, vous pouvez voir,
Ce qui comprend beaucoup, par renommée.
Plume, labeur, la langue, le savoir,
Furent vaincus par l'aimant et l'aimée!*

*O gentille dame, tant estimée,
Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant?
Car la parole est toujours reprimée,
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant!*

As late as 1823 this tomb was still shown, though rifled and mutilated at the Revolution, so that an English visitor, Sir Charles Kelsey, went to the expense of erecting a sarcophagus over it. When the ruined church was closed a few years later, this monument was transferred to the Musée Calvet, where it is still to be

seen ; but it is considered devoid of artistic merit. The Franciscan Church, which harboured this tomb, was very large and contained twenty-five chapels, built at the close of the fourteenth century. Nothing remains of it but the remarkable bell-tower in the garden of the Jesuit College.

At the same date the Popes reconstructed the three fine parish churches of St. Peter, St. Agricol, and St. Didier, as we now see them. Looking down and across the wide Rhône, we see the wonderful old bridge, often celebrated in the old song :

*Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Que l'on y danse !
Sur le pont,
Que l'on y danse, tous en rond ;
Les beaux messieurs font comme ça ;
Les belles dames font comme ça ;
Sur le pont d'Avignon ; etc., etc.*

It now only spans three-quarters of the river, for two arches at the farther end are missing ; but it has been strongly restored and still forms a favourite promenade for the townspeople.

The beautiful legend, so popular in Provence, tells how the bridge was built by St. Bénézet, the young shepherd, who, while guarding his sheep, heard an angelic voice telling him that he must build a bridge across the great river. Wondering at this bidding, the youth walked down to the town, being mysteriously guided by an angel to the right bank, opposite the great rock, whereon the cathedral now stands. There was no means of crossing the river ; but soon he saw a little boat, rowed by a Jew, coming towards him. Giving him his whole possessions, three pennies, he persuaded the man to land him on the other side. He made his way to the bishop then, and told his strange story, saying the bridge must be built. But he was treated as a visionary, and no one credited his mission ; so he turned to the people, and succeeded at last in convincing them that the bridge must be built. They

asked him for a sign, to raise an enormous block of stone on the banks of the river. It is said that he did so, and removed their doubts by placing it in the river, where it remained stationary in spite of the force of the torrent. The young saint soon gathered round him a company of masons who, under his guidance, began to build the bridge, and soon formed a religious confraternity. And so the bridge was built, and became the glory of the town, as a means of carrying on commerce with the south of France and the Mediterranean. It was nine hundred metres long, by four metres; and as the swiftness of the torrent is calculated at two metres a second, it was considered a great feat to have spanned it.

But the bridge was not finished till after Bénézet's death; for after twelve long years of hard work, he died, and was buried in the Lady Chapel of the church of St. Didier. His tomb may still be seen, though rifled during the Revolution. Many times was the bridge broken by floods in after years, and partly destroyed by wars; but it was always rebuilt. When four arches had been carried away in the thirteenth century, Pope Clement VI rebuilt it, while reigning at Avignon. After the Popes left Avignon the Kings of France claimed the Rhône as belonging to them, although the province of Vaucluse, of which Avignon was the capital, was not joined to France till centuries later. But they refused to keep the bridge in repair, and it gradually fell into decay, so that a ferry-boat was instituted in 1818 to carry folk across. St. Bénézet's Chapel was built on the second arch, and was so strongly built that when the bridge was completely restored in 1832 it remained intact, as we now see it, divided into an upper and lower chapel. The meetings of the original confraternity of masons were held here, and Mass was said for them and travellers beginning their journey. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and in each chapel there is a rude, stone altar under an archway. Open to the Rhône on the west, the whole is surmounted by a small bell-tower. The upper chapel has a small, ogival apse on the upper level of the bridge. From

this place, with the Rhône literally roaring on both sides, making many whirlpools, there is a fine view up and down the river. with the towers of the Papal palace on the right, and the castle of Philippe, which belonged to the Kings of France, on the other side. The many white towers and ramparts in the glowing atmosphere, form a marvellous picture of mediaeval architecture, of which St. Bénézet's Bridge is the centre, while the soft, deep sound of many bells rises from this town, formerly called "The town of the five hundred bell towers".

YMAL OSWIN WILSON.

ART. 9.—ALBANIAN DAYS AND YESTERDAYS.

1. *Biblioteca pro Bibliografia della Terra Santa e dell' Oriente Franceseano*. P. Girolamo Golubovich, O. F. M. Quaracchi, 1906.
2. *Rivista Illustrata dell' Esposizione Missionaria Vaticana*. Arti Grafiche. Bergamo, 1926.
3. *Schizzo Storico sull' opera dei Francescani in Albania*. Tipografia Franceseana. Scutari, 1930.
4. *Viaggio a Tartari di Frate Giovanni da Pian del Carpine*. A cura di G. Pullé. Edizioni Alpes. Milano, 1929.

HOURS of Albanian travel last spring showed us perhaps the last corner of Europe where the ways of tradition, time-honoured custom and mechanized modern life run upon parallel lines, their several pictorial features unimpaired so far by those blessed words, modern standards. High-speed impressions gained over a circuit of nine hundred miles covered in nine days, with little more than the night's lodging halt or the wayside cup of coffee and hasty meal, outline more than graceful vignettes of shepherdfolk and townsmen, where the Moslem Greek, Slav and Latin elements past and present feature the Albanian.

Landing at Durazzo, we noted the shallow roadstead dotted with recent war-wreckage, and the Roman foundations of Venetian walls, the modern city climbing the hillcrest under their shadow. Those time-contrasts struck a note of detachment which I was to feel throughout, unlike Italy, where the individual age sets an indelible stamp of its expressiveness upon the scenery. The Gheg, Northern Albanian tribesman, indeed, wears his black wool jacket and fez in mourning for the wraith of the Albanian Kingdom which had eluded Scanderbeg five hundred years ago; whilst his southern brother, the Tosk, diverse both in origin and idiom, discloses Hellenic parentage if nothing else in his garb: the Arcadian shepherd's light cloak, a brown goat- or sheep-skin slung over his shoulder, a coloured waistcoat and scarf and a white fez. The scarlet fez denoting dependence upon Stamboul has vanished. Both wearing grey, black or brown embroidered close-

fitting hose, dangle Turkish-slippershod feet from the packsaddle of mountain-ponies, and exchange this mount or a buffalo-drawn cart cheerfully for the motor-ambulance or lorry doing duty for public motor service. The peasant is a rider always, while his womenfolk trudge beside his mount wrapped, if Christians, in red and white striped shawls and aprons covering wide billowing grey wool skirts patterned like the men's hose. Their unveiled heads are carefully dressed, and upon market day in the bazaars of Tirana and Scutari the younger women "walk in beauty". Their Moslem sisters, on the other hand, appear in sombre garb, and the veil prohibited in Turkey is still general here. The motley colour of the social scheme, the turbaned Moslem Ulema walking in friendly converse with the black-robed Orthodox Pope, and the Friar in his brown robe, is offset by the drab townsman's wear, and the not less uniform grey-green of the army and constabulary, all conscripted without reluctance, as thus only can the Albanian follow his tribesman's tradition, to collect an arsenal of ornamental weapons—to-day the antique-hunter's prizes—about his ornate person. The bazaars of Tirana and Scutari, the market-days of lesser townships we visited, showed us thus types of at least four historic time strata—Latin, Greek, Slav and Turk; folk with whom the Albanian has mingled, fought, been subject to and mastered, his own individuality forcing emergence as a national unit welded by millenary pressure from the throes of Balkan state rebirth to-day.

People and places move in shifting scenes fraught with all the charm of novelty allied to a subtle sense of *la chose vue*. Natural beauty recalling in turn the Welsh hill-country, the Tuscan Apennine and Mediterranean Arcadia within the panorama of lake and moor, forest and meadow, grey mountain crags pencilling the skies and mirrored in blue-violet seas formed snapshots. A time limit, precluding exposure, to written words to be read at greater leisure, made these vignettes into footnotes of the brief yesterdays, past which the wheel rolled all too quickly.

They set up the milestones upon the road of yesterday

which connects Albania through Illyria with Imperial Rome, and mediæval Italy through evangelization; pursued indeed conjointly from the Eastern Church, until the schism virtually severing spiritual unity between North and South Albania extended even to the common idiom, the Gheg and Tosk dialects running wide apart.

While the West prevailed through the dominion of Venetian sea power, the fall of Constantinople broke the Balkan national spirit, and victorious Islam, sweeping all before it through the peninsula, left only ruins of Latin culture standing. These ruins, however—castle, church and cloister, proved the fort held by the dynamic strength of the Church manifest through the Franciscan Missionary spirit which has turned the lost battle-grounds into fruitful soil to-day. These mind-pictures thus fill pages turned to as a book will open at favourite passages at random.

Our route from Durazzo to Tirana, forty kilometres inland, possessed the charm of familiar line and mass. As we threaded the broad Arzen valley opening from the flat shore, flanked by rolling wooded uplands southward, and framed by the bold, jagged limestone skyline of the north central mountain ranges, we traversed arable and grazing land dotted with homesteads where mechanized agriculture goes hand in hand with the wooden plough; the lorry jostles the draught oxen and buffalo harnessed to a pony and a donkey; other buffalo meanwhile, sunning their broad black skins neck-deep in the roadside ditch and shore lagoons, ruminate over their next turn at the yoke. Like contrasts obtain in the houses and farmsteads; the contractor's trim, whitewashed, pink-roofed house seems at odds with the peasant's cabin. Experimental model farm buildings dot the countryside; and foremost the work of the Albanian Vocational School, a training centre for artisans, husbandry and craftsmen founded some six years ago by enlightened American initiative with school headquarters in the capital. This and analogous undertakings by British activities, prospecting works in the oil-bearing area along the coast, the sawmills and lumber industry, the scientific development of tobacco-planting and olive orchard culture, and not least the

reclamation of arable and grazing lands from the belt of coastwise marshes formed by the sluggish flow of rivers carrying silt from inland valleys, raise as many valuable milestones upon the road of the Albanian morrow.

The highroad to the capital thus runs past hopes in course of realization. It skirts the surveyed and partly-built railway line—in the eyes of airmail pilots a superfluous plaything as they regard the flying-ground where the great sheds, patterned with the dazzle of war-precautionary futurist art, are built for traffic, of which the Scutari-Tirana service, an eighty-mile crow's flight, is the forerunner. Tirana, undistinguished in outline, lies at the head of the Arzen valley, a capital of coming days, jostling the yesterdays of the three Mosques, and tall, white minarets pointing skyward, where the faithful gather under the frescoed portico at the muezzin's call to the one indivisible Deity; and the Turbi beyond the Hadji Edhem Bey Mosque is built over the coffin of Suleiman Pasha, lamps burning round a tattered, dust-stained pall covering memories, what time the dead man's life at Teheran has sponsored the name of his resting place, Tirana. The pillared tomb of the Toptan chieftains, to-day but a landmark at a boulevard junction; the cypress grove with its Mihrab facing eastward; the fairway of the Turkish bridge yonder leading to the new Legation quarter; the stream shaded by trees the town planner has yet spared; and bazaarland, its maze of huddled frame houses and workshops, their show of homespun cottons and woollens and the carved and gaily-painted cradles and wooden domestic utensils, all trace pictures to rest the eye from the Mediterranean pleasure-resort building going on around us, distinguishable from its far-away patterns less by purpose than by degree in outlay and measure of upkeep.

The days and yesterdays here only held us for the time required to procure our car and Luka Rascovich, owner-driver-interpreter, with whom we were assured "you can go everywhere. Luka is a host in himself". The language, the currency—officially stabilized yet made up of most central European and Mediterranean obsolete or obsolescent coins—were a Chinese puzzle to us, but for

him child's play. He recalled more than one surprise of the road as we passed recent war-wreckage: the thrill of concealed marksmanship upon his car to which his fares had fallen victim, and he had escaped with life only through Brer Rabbit's counsel of perfection: "Lie low and say nuffin", though badly wounded.

No such thrills, however, lay in store for us, but the hairpin turnings in the Skumbi boulderland, between the river below us, crags towering overhead and boulders strewn the roadway, stressed conviction, if such were needed, of the skill required to negotiate the acute angles occurring every fifteen yards or so.

The course from Tirana left Durazzo north, the road following the coastline through Kavaia, a mere village to-day, where a former lofty state is marked by yonder Venetian battlemented tower, and the lowrelief fine ribbon patterning on the Mosque forecourt arches—an echo of the Renaissance Art in Dalmatia. Passing Pekiné the road threaded the Skumbi river valley clothed with oak and wild olive, with occasional by-pass fords beside the bridges that had once borne the traffic. The saving grace of Turkish Elbassan consisted in two wonderful cypress groves and the outlying burial-ground, where, beneath giant planes and sycamore, the serried headstones, topped with fez or turban, cluster round the Sheik's coffin-shaped tomb; and the halt was brief. The Skumbi valley, narrowing beyond Elbassan, disclosed the outcrop, so to speak, of Rome; the Via Egnatia is covered by the modern survey, but paved tracks up the hill-side showed us the legionaries' footprints, even as lone walls, foursquare and roofless, topped with a cross mark the pilgrim's way to the Holy places from Byzantium or some Ægean harbour. Christian cemeteries, war-graves folded close in Nature's mother green, and the derelict engines of war abandoned to rust by the roadside set the cadence of Time to our wheels. The valley broadening eastward opens to the panorama of Lake Ochrida, magic in colour of moorland and water, stretching range beyond range of our eyes, halftones of yellow, rose and mauve deepening with the even shadows to the outline of primrose and bullfinch skies overhead.

The night's halt at Korça, albeit no mean city, was undistinguished as Tirana, the inhabitants, many emigrants returned from America, others yet imbued with the atmosphere created by the sojourn of *allied* armies from 1918 onward, left us with the sense of a temporary misfit, to offset which the next day's stage to Santi Quaranta opposite Corfu framed the most pictorially memorable among our fair hours. The road climbed the moorland, cross-valleys opening vistas of oak and pinewoods. A light mist wreathed the snowcapped line of Mount Tomar with silver, the nearer precipitous limestone walls of the Mali Akid and Njarista enclosing the Voissa valley in a deep green cup. The alpine meadowland was a garden of wild flowers. The riot of briar and rock rose in hues of ivory, carmine and gold, the swathes of honeysuckle, tamarisk tossing lavender plumes, golden broom in streams along the hillside, pomegranate showering her rubies, anchusa dropping sapphire trails, and the emerald tones of laurel and myrtle coloured this vision of Arcadia crowned with Meleager's garland. Illusion was indeed enhanced in the dells, where the springs are overhung by giant plane and figtrees, and footsteps and tiny hoof-prints beside the waterpools suggest the Faun at play with the woodland Nymphs beneath the leafage.

The roadside was set at intervals with small stone cairns, garnished some with a white napkin and bits of coloured cloth, others with flowers, a pious memory, perhaps, of some hapless wayfarer beset by the perils of the road under frowning skies. The purpose we learned lay deep in human certitude that our lives but go before another whence the wayfarer shall not return, yet should he be sped and comforted by memory left behind. Thus coins placed with the flowers—bread, it may be fruit, all the poor have to give—will be taken by the priest on his rounds through a wideflung parish, and returned in the gift of Mass for the repose of souls unnumbered. This practice, followed time out of mind, is perhaps a reminiscence also of the ferryman Charon's fee, natural enough in this district of northern Hellas, Macedonia, to-day apportioned to Albania. We drove through several villages, Leskovitz, Premeti, across high-arched bridges, by the homesteads

which had once been castles into the narrowing Voissa valley, at this point the boundary between Greece and Albania. The Turkish bridges are guarded by blue and white striped sentry-boxes facing the black and red Albanian frontier posts towards the Klissura Pass. Here the vision of Arcadia peopled with transient immaterial forms suddenly shifted to a stronger visual sense of the dream come true in the Art of the age of Faith.

The hillside swarmed with bodies of shepherd folk, the nomad tribesmen immigrant centuries ago from the lower Danube plains; Koutzo-Vlachs, as they are called, who pasture and drive their flocks of long-fleeced, brown sheep and goats, at certain seasons, too, droves of camels from Greek to Albanian feeding-grounds, carrying their worldly goods with their families and children to camp under the stars. We were halted more than once by the strings of ponies and packmules laden with brown canvas tents, bright-coloured sleeping-rugs and copper pots. The men in sheepskin jackets and white caps bestrode the more lightly loaded animals, their womenfolk, shawl on head, trudged beside the cow with her calf, while the bell-pony driver forward, with headstall and bridle set with bright blue beads—a sure protection from the evil eye—carried the baby in its painted red and white wood cradle, strapped atop in company with the white fowl, also a domestic guardian. Sheep, goats and people were occasionally stampeded by the car, the dogs preferring to race us rather than round up their charges. . . . We met the caravan again camping in the Klissura Pass. The tents had been pitched, the copper pots hung from the tripod over a fire of brushwood, the women were busied with the children, the men stood about and sat unconcerned with the violet shadows rising early upon the mountain flank that betokened rest, not the flight of day. Now those shepherds' lives turned the pages back to the mind-pictures of Benozzo Gozzoli, Ghirlandajo and Botticelli, picture chroniclers all of their age, impersonating the Children of Israel's wanderings. Yet foremost it seemed to us there camped here the very types of those caravans, pilgrims of high degree with their humbler retinue journeying to Bethlehem in the quest of the Star,

and of the shepherds of Palestine also who brought the firstlings of their flocks to the Manger. Certain groups, moreover, of a woman riding with her child and her man walking at the animal's head, seemed a counterpart of Fra Angelico's "Flight into Egypt", even as other homely details in the fancy of painters familiar with the Gospel of the Infancy were also recalled.

The Klissura Pass is commanded by Tepeleni, the stronghold of past and recent warfare, ruins and barracks in one, at the junction of the Zryn and Voissa valleys. The former opens at the foot of Gijnokastro, the Argirocastro of Venetian yesterdays, where the great castle halls and vast yards and bastions, garrisoned to-day by a handful of troops, loom gigantic above the township, with its Turkish domestic architecture reminiscent of Venice, nestling round graceful minarets. The Ionian seaboard, with Corfu seen from Santi Quaranta, Samothrace and Plataea in the offing, evoked other visions: of Jason and his Argonauts landing in the vicinity of Palermo's island castle amid groves of rose-flowered oleander.

We now climb the precipitous Acroceraunian range by the modern military road over the Logara Pass, some 4,000 feet in eight miles of road. Those twelve turnings cutting the limestone barrier before me suggested something of the perpendicular effort required of the fly crawling up a windowpane, the more vividly, when our car halted at a bend by the passage of another motor, we appreciated the distance above sea level. The descent to Valona through pine-forest with a thick undergrowth of box and heath showed us the lumber industry hard at clearing work—alas for the deformed transformed landscape! Our road henceforward back to Tirana seemed tame. The Muskeja plain intersected by rivers we were ferried over, the wooded foothills, even Berat, fortress-crowned at the confluence of the Osiun and Semeni, struck no pictorial note. The impersonality of these latter hours, where the unserviceable, unwanted relics of war lay strewn about, left a sense of misfit.

The Albanian national sentiment, though overlaid in the south at once by Slav-Byzantine and later Moslem rule, has preserved its driving force most fully in those

parts of the country—north of the Mati river where the Church, imbued with the Franciscans' missionary spirit, was to hold the ground won in despite of defection and of religious and political persecution. The first landmarks upon our route from Tirana to Scutari, the citadel of the church in Albania, were the twin hills of Alessio. Here rise the vestiges of the first coming of the Friars to Albania proper as distinct from Istria, Bosnia and Dalmatia. The province is dedicated to Our Lady's Annunciation, having been founded (so tradition tells) by S. Francis in person who, returning from Syria, traversed Albania by the Pilgrim's Way and, landing at Alessio, founded that convent; and the Saint had but a staff for his way to Venice on foot, where, behold! the green shoot put forth roots and grew to the pine tree long known as *Il Pino di San Francesco*. . . . The parish church of Alessio preserves an inscription recording its building by the Friars in 1240. More than traditional value, however, cannot be attached to the date, inasmuch as the increment of Franciscan missions in Albania derives from the first member of the Order raised to prelate's dignity in that country, Fra Giovanni da Pian del Carpine, appointed Archbishop of Antivari by Pope Innocent IV in 1247.

The personality of Fra Giovanni da Pian del Carpine is notable in the XIIIth century when the Franciscan Order produced so many men prominent for their holiness, scholarship and missionary spirit. The date of his entrance into the Order is uncertain, and though recorded already in 1221 among preachers he does not figure in S. Francis' inner circle of companionship. Fra Giovanni attended the Chapter held at Spire in 1223, having accompanied Fra Cesario da Spira on a mission to Germany, and he became acquainted then with Fra Cesario's successor as Provincial, namely, Fra Alberto da Pisa, who had been one of the four Friars sent to establish the Order in England. The honour devolved a few years later upon Fra Giovanni, named Provincial for Germany by the General Fra Giovanni Parenti to voice the canonization of S. Francis by Pope Gregory IX to the Chapter at Worms. Further missionary work

carried Fra Giovanni's Friars to Bohemia, Hungary, Denmark and Norway, which travel, the Frate being of more than average stature and build, led to the Franciscan rule of pedestrianism to be waived for a mount. He is much on the road in Italy where he meets Fra Salimbene of Parma, friend of Princes; at Assisi for the translation of the relics of S. Francis from S. Maria degli Angeli; Provincial in Spain, and again in Germany and in Bohemia, where he wins the regard of "good King Wenceslaus"; until recalled to Rome in 1243 and named Penitentiary to Pope Innocent IV, that Pontiff sends him on his travels once more in 1245. Named Nuncio to the Emperor of Tartary from the Pope and Princes of Christendom, Fra Giovanni and two companions walked and rode—their itinerary has been mapped from their leader's narrative—across Russia, the northern Caspian, the Kirghiz steppes, and Mongolia to the northern Gobi desert where, at a spot he names Sira Orda, The Khan Cuiuc held his court. Fra Giovanni's two-year long journey places these Franciscans among Marco Polo's precursors.

Elected in 1247 to the Archbishopric of Antivari and Durazzo, Fra Giovanni set himself to restore spiritual authority, to quell dissension between his clergy and the Archbishop of Ragusa, who went the length of procuring his colleague's kidnapping. Reports of these conflicts reaching the Pope's ears, both prelates were summoned *ad limina*, the Pope, Innocent IV, being then at Lyons. The outcome of the enquiry instituted by the Bishop of Ancona ended doubtless in Fra Giovanni's favour since he died at his See in 1252. Fra Giovanni had summoned the Dominicans to assist his own Order to replace the Benedictine Fathers who were withdrawing from their Monasteries. The Franciscan foundations at Antivari, Dulcigno, Scutari and Alessio formed nuclei for the enrolment of Albanian Friars, with the result that the Custodia (Wardenship) was raised to Provincial dignity in 1332-3, within eighty years of Fra Giovanni's death.

The politico-religious position is marked now by a two-fold danger to the Church: Slavism and Byzantinism.

Serb and Bulgar Kings and the Empire at Constantinople enforced religious conformity as a test of loyalty. Bishops in central and south Albania fell away, the See of Ochrida became a bulwark of schismatic clergy, while neighbouring Elbassan held fast to the faith that fostered the aspirations of the Albanian chieftains conscious already of their national unity. The defeat of the Serbs at Kossovo in 1389 had established Turkish rule firmly by the first quarter of the XVth century, when George Castriote, surnamed Scanderbeg (1403-1467-8) lord of Dibra and Croia proclaimed himself Prince of Albania, and, gathering allies in Bosnia and Hungary, held the Turkish power at bay for close upon twenty years. Defeated at Svetigrad, 1450, Scanderbeg despatched Frate Andrea, the Franciscan Archbishop of Antivari, to Rome to implore the aid of Christendom. Pope Nicholas V despatched a Legate, Fra Eugenio Somma, to the rulers of Albania, Serbia and Bosnia; Fra Mariano da Siena was sent to collect arms and money and raise forces in the provinces of Istria, Croatia, Dalmatia and Ragusa in behalf of Scanderbeg and his allies; while Fra Giovanni of Albania was sent with two Dalmatian companions to bring him the moneys collected in Venice. Scanderbeg died in ambush at Alessio in 1467-8, when, had fortune smiled upon his dream of kingship, the course of history might well have been diverted westward centuries earlier and at lesser cost to humanity.

History's pages were thus turned back for us as we drove by the hill of Alessio, where Scanderbeg's Tomb rises, and Kroja, where the castle ruins crumbling above the township attest his gallant stand, 1440. Scutari extends in an ellipse round the great lake and is guarded by the castle, the last foothold of Venice upon Albanian shores. Scutari was besieged by Suleiman Pasha in 1474. Antonio Loredano was the castellan and the siege was raised. Daoud Pasha returned to the attack in June, 1478, and while the defenders under Antonio di Lezze were heartened by the prowess of Fra Paolo da Matja and Fra Bartolommeo of Venice, who, watching a Turk, with the standard, scale their look-out tower, seized him

by the waist and threw him over the side to the assailants' confusion : the Treaty of Peace with the Sultan, January, 1479, whereby Venice relinquished that seaboard, forced the surrender of Scutari. The garrison of Croia had been put to the sword, but Antonio di Lezze and his comrades, 450 survivors out of the garrison of 1,600 men, besides 150 non-combatants, women and children were allowed to depart, the Franciscan Friars bearing the Cross they had defended. A heap of stones, the site of the chapel at the foot of the city wall is marked by white crosses and is visited by pilgrims to the former shrine of the Madonna del Buon Lonsiglio. The altarpiece lost to ken in those dark hours is now venerated at Genazzano near Rome.

The Franciscan Order nevertheless held their ground in Albania, even after the withdrawal of the Dominican Friars. They rebuilt a church, reopened a convent where they could, and five houses attest progress at this time. But the revival of their influence in Albania after Christendom's naval victory at Lepanto proved transient. The autonomous Province fell into abeyance until 1599, and after flourishing once more until 1646, renewed persecution led the Provincial in 1719, Fra Martino da Gionmi, to resign his charge to Pope Clement XI. Alternatives of doubt, and hope for better days, prevailed throughout changes of religious jurisdiction in the XVIIIth and XIXth centuries, but the seed remained fruitful, and the year 1906 has witnessed the restoration of the Albanian Province to the fullness of ancient privilege.

So much for yesterdays ; what of the morrow ? The morrow is fair. The College and Novitiate have been transferred to Scutari. Four large Convents, one Seminary College, thirty-seven parishes in nine dioceses, the boundaries of which extend beyond the frontier, are in charge of 104 Religious. Recent legislation authorizing the Franciscans to open elementary schools with five standards and Continuation Classes, with a three years' curriculum, assists the care of boys through eight important years, while the girls are entrusted to the Franciscan Stimatine congregation.

Parish priests, secular and religious, open schools in mountain villages, attended without distinction of creed, parents preferring wherever possible to send their children to Catholic schools for the sake of the character training, apart from any religious instruction received. The large majority of the people is Moslem, with a sprinkling of schismatic persuasion upon the Slav and Greek borders. It may be observed in this connexion that the Albanian Moslem exhibits a growing indifference towards his forefathers' creed, due, it may be suggested, partly to the abolition of the Caliphate at Constantinople, to the New Turkey mentality of Angora, and to the secularism of the State in matters of education. It may thus be prognosticated that within measurable time, and the prudence of the ministers of the Church, Catholicism will come into her own, overlaying the Golden Rule, "do as you would be done by", which is the sole ethic in honour seemingly in new communities.

M. MANSFIELD.

ART. 10.—A SCIENCE AND A SÉANCE

I

LET us not begin this inquiry of ours by stating any disagreement with the Spiritualists in the matter of calling up spirits from the vasty deep. Let us rather begin, as all constructive discussion should begin, with some matter of agreement between the Spiritualists and ourselves. Such a matter is the fact and meaning of death. The Spiritualists recognize its cold and icy hand, and are in agreement with us that it means the separation of the soul and body. This separation is usually described by saying that the soul leaves the body. While we accept this customary description of death, we think it well to warn the reader that it can easily be understood in a sense that is philosophically unsound. To talk of the soul leaving the body is to suggest a sort of local motion on the part of the soul, which is bad philosophy. It may also suggest a sort of flight of the soul to God, who is conceived as being at some distance from it when it emerges from the body. That is worse philosophy. That this warning is issued in no spirit of pedantry the reader will discover before he reaches the end of this paper.

II

It is alleged that when a small boy, who had tasted soda-water for the first time, was asked what it was like, he replied: "It tastes like 'pins and needles'." A good answer. For he brought the sensation of drinking soda-water within the imaginative grasp of other children who had not, as yet, undergone that exhilarating experience. That is the way to answer when you are asked what a thing is *like*. For the word *like* invites comparison. It is a request that an experience we have not had shall be brought into imaginative relation with other things which we already know. It implies the possibility of communicating experience in this imaginative way. Now is not Spiritualism precisely this? It is an effort to

bring the hereafter into imaginative relation with this life. It is a practice, a religion, or whatever you care to call it, that claims to have received from the spirits some communication of the experiences they undergo in the disembodied state. If the reader will consider the matter for a moment he will see that it is just because it attempts to obtain such communication of experience that Spiritualism is so curious and enticing. Yet, in seeking for communication of this kind, Spiritualism is seeking for the one thing which it is impossible to obtain. The one thing we most certainly cannot do is to bring the next world into any imaginative relation with this. Let us see why this is so.

We shall begin by considering the relations between a little child and a grown-up. Is there a possibility of full communication between the two? There is not. The development of the grown-up has introduced him into a region of experience in which the child cannot share. Thus, the child cannot share the experience of the grown-up in a complicated business matter, or in a scientific investigation. But, if there is not a possibility of full communication, is there not a possibility of partial communication? There is. There is easy and direct communication throughout that entire region of experience which the child shares with the grown-up in virtue of the identity of their mode of being; in virtue of the fact that they are both in the this-life. For example, the child can understand what it is like for the grown-up to be hungry, happy, tired, irritated, pleased, and so forth. The child can *imagine* all these things, because they arise out of conditions belonging to the mode of being which it shares with the grown-up, and which are independent of development. But the child cannot imagine the experiences into which development has introduced the grown-up. It can be told certain things about these experiences. Thus, it can be said to a child, "You must be a good child because Daddy is busy". The intelligence of the child can receive the fact that Daddy is busy, but the imagination of the child cannot picture that which busies Daddy.

Let us apply this example (for what it is worth) to

the question of the communicability of experience from a disembodied spirit to a human being. Has the disembodied spirit advanced to a new stage of development? Quite evidently it has. It has experienced that which nobody in this life has experienced. Would that of itself exclude all possibility of communicating its experience of the hereafter to human beings? Evidently, yes. Would it also exclude the possibility of its communicating experience on every topic? Would there, in a word, remain any region of contact such as exists between the grown-up and the child? There would not, for the simple reason that the disembodied spirit has not merely reached a new state of development, but has entered into a new mode of being; the disembodied spirit is out of the "this-life" and we are in it. We must simply conclude then that all possibility of communicating experience is gone; that it is impossible to bring the next life into imaginative relation with this.

We say it is impossible. Let us give further precision to this statement by saying that it is impossible from the nature of things. But, outside the nature of things, that is to say, outside natural causes, might it not be possible to know what it is like to be dead? It might be possible, if somebody could be temporarily disembodied. The quest of Spiritualism to bring the next life into imaginative relation with this is undertaken in a spirit of illogical funk. Spiritualists should not seek to "materialize" spirits. If they want experience of the hereafter, they should seek to be temporarily disembodied themselves. The prospect of such an excursion at a séance is indeed terrifying, so horridly does it shake our disposition with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls. But has it ever happened that people have been temporarily disembodied? Very possibly it has happened under the sheltering hand of God. Thus, St. Paul had an experience in which he does not know whether he was in the body or out of the body. And in the highest state of prayer the Mystics have had an experience of Intuition, in which it appears that the body did not share. Whether such experiences were really temporary disembodiments, in some sense, we cannot stop to inquire here. If they really

were, the Spiritualists are no better off. For this much is certain : that if people have ever been out of the body, the experience had during that exodus is incommunicable on their return to the body. For it was experience had outside the bodily mode of being ; it was a word that it is neither permitted to nor possible for man to utter.

However, if it is impossible to receive communication of their experience from the disembodied spirits, is it not at least possible to receive communication of fact from these spirits concerning their disembodied state ? Communication of experience is communication to the imagination, but communication of fact is simply communication to the intelligence. If the child cannot imagine that which busies Daddy, it can at least be told the fact that Daddy is busy. To which we reply that there seems to be no reason why there should not be such communication of fact. But we must surround this affirmative with a certain proviso. Let us remember that while communication of fact is possible between daddy and son, it is possible because of the identity of their mode of being. In order that communication of fact from a disembodied spirit to a human being can take place, it is necessary that the abyss created by the difference of their mode of being should be bridged by the spirit being temporarily attached to matter.

When we speak of the spirit's temporary attachment to matter we do not mean "materialization" in the spiritualistic sense of the word. We do not, for example, mean astral bodies or ectoplasm, or any such cosmologically impossible stuff. We call astral bodies and ectoplasm cosmologically impossible stuff, for we suspect that they are invoked by the Spiritualists as a sort of missing link between matter and spirit. Now, there is not nor can there be any such link. Matter is that which is extended and occupies place. Since we are in a mode of being of attachment to matter, we cannot positively *imagine* spirit, and therefore describe it by the negative word *immaterial*. It is, therefore, if one just considers the terms in their simplicity, a contradiction to speak of a sort of spirito-materialistic link between the two. Nor is the suggestion than an astral body is rather vaguer in outline

and less tangible than an earth-body (as I suppose we must call it) of any avail. For that suggestion is based on the most rudimentary error in philosophy. It is based on the notion that because one material thing eludes the senses more than another, it is therefore somehow spiritual. If it comes to that, the air we breathe has astral bodies beaten all ends up for sheer tenuity. For it can neither be seen, nor heard, nor (if it is fresh) tasted or smelt. It impresses one sense only, the sense of touch. Yet it is none the less matter. It is of that portion of God's creation that is extended and occupies place.

In saying, then, that the facts of the next world may be communicable to this, it is not as if we admitted the existence of something that is a link between the two. What we mean is that there is nothing against believing (and, hagiographically, everything in favour of believing) that a spirit could, either by Divine command or Divine permission, temporarily attach itself to matter in such a way as to communicate some fact of the next life to those who are still in this. That is all that is possible. To wish to know more than can be known in this way is to wish for the impossible. It is this futile wish to know more that has misled the Spiritualist. *La peste de l'homme c'est l'opinion de sçavoir.*

III

And what are the facts about the hereafter that have been made known to us? It is outside the scope of this purely philosophical study to answer that question. But it is precisely within its scope to say that some of the things made known to us about the hereafter by the Spiritualists are not the facts. What concerns us most of all, when we think of the next life, is the vindication of the moral law. It is this question: What will happen to us if (which God forbid) we should be in a state of sin when we die? The spiritualistic answer in this: that the state of the soul, from the point of view of morality, is not unalterably fixed from the moment of death. If a man dies unrepentant, there is still the possibility of his reform hereafter. Indeed, the Spiritualists commonly hold this not as a possibility, but as a certainty. This is a

doctrine which invites one to a life of comforting procrastination. Unfortunately for those who accept it, it is not true and philosophy would seem to demonstrate its utter falsity. This demonstration, however, involves a comparison of the way in which the soul knows and wills in this life, with the way in which it knows and wills when it has left the body. Let us make this comparison at once, and let us invite the reader closely to concentrate on what we say.

How does the soul know things in this life? It acts, of course, in this life as in the next by its faculty of intelligence. But how does the intellect know things in this life? All knowledge originally comes through the senses. These senses impress an image, or, to use the real philosophical term, a phantasm on the cerebral imagination. The intellect acts upon this phantasm by abstracting ideas from it. But let us be concrete and suppose that the eye is looking at a ripe tomato. The cerebral imagination receives a phantasm of something that is red and round. The active intellect abstracts from this phantasm the ideas of redness and roundness. This is an example of deliberate simplicity. We must remember that, in practice, the process of intellectual thought is amazingly rapid in reality, and amazingly complicated in appearance. But the complication is only apparent, and is due, in the first place, to the apparent spontaneity of the intellectual memory which presents us with ideas that seem like intuitions, so isolated do they now appear to be from the original, and possibly forgotten, phantasms from which they were abstracted. The appearance of complication is further increased by the highly elusive dexterity with which the intellect manipulates whole groups of phantasms, and synthesizes them with the reserves of its intellectual memory. Almost any sentence we read displays a group of phantasms so manipulated and so synthesized. These processes cannot be attended to in the ordinary course of the mind's activity, as the pace of thought is too rapid for such a running comment. But they can be analyzed by deliberate study in that part of Philosophy which we call Rational Psychology.

It is clear, since knowledge first comes through the

senses, that in the order of nature the phantasms precede the intellectual ideas. For example, a man cannot have the intellectual idea of roundness unless he has first seen a round object. Owing to this antecedent action of the senses the object of the intellect in this life is of a general character, corresponding to the unending variety of the phantasms presented to it by the imagination. Its object is universal, but an universality of abstraction and indeterminateness. Thus, suppose we ask: What can the intellect think about in this life? the answer is—anything. And when we say anything, we say that which is universal, but an universality of abstraction and indeterminateness. Now, the operation of the will is, so to speak, in step with the operation of the intellect. The ever changing incidents of reality are continually being represented through the senses on the kaleidoscope of the imagination; the intellect is continually abstracting ideas from these; and the will is continually being presented with a series of attractions. Attractions to what? To anything. Since the intellect can think of anything, the will can be attracted to anything. The object of the will is, therefore, also universal, with the same universality of abstraction and indeterminateness. Now it is very important to note that this abstract and indeterminate universality of the will's object explains why we can do good or evil. Let the reader look at it in this simple way: the intellect can think of what is morally good or it can think of what is morally evil, because it can think of anything. Therefore, and evidently, the will, moving in step with the intellect, can embrace what is good or it can embrace what is evil, because it can embrace anything. We say it *can*, not that it is obliged to, for no idea presented to it can compel its activity one way or the other, since the will is free. Indeed, it can deliberately reject an attraction before it at the moment. When we say that it moves in step with the intellect we do not mean that it must consent to this or that, but simply that it must have the same indeterminate and abstract universality of object, and that therefore the possibility of doing either good or evil, the possibility of inconsistency, must needs remain throughout this life.

Eventually, however, we die. What precisely happens at death? Just this: the body, with its entire apparatus of senses and imagination is removed from the soul. It is evident that the intellect must now have a new object and a new way of knowing. Its former object was an universality of abstraction and indeterminateness, and its way of knowing was by conversion to the phantasms. It is inevitable that, from the moment of death, its object must be that universality or infinity of concreteness and determinateness which we call the Being of God, and that its way of knowing must be by ideas directly impressed upon it by God, the *species impressae* of the Schoolmen. We say that this is inevitable, but we do not expect our reader to see the inevitability of the situation at this stage. Let us therefore use the following supposition to make our meaning clear.

Let us suppose that the revolution of the earth on its axis took, not twenty-four hours, but a hundred years, and let us further suppose that the only light available during this almost life-long night was that which came from heavenly bodies reflecting the light of the sun. These heavenly bodies we shall suppose to be (not, of course, theoretically, but for practical purposes) innumerable. A person born into this suppositional universe just about nightfall would spend the greater portion of his life with no other illumination than this planet-light, which would be, of course, only light reflected from the sun. Throughout this night what would be the object of his eye? Light. Certainly, but when we say light in this general sort of way, what do we mean? Do we mean concretely and determinately the very source of light, which is the sun? We do not, for we speak abstractly and indeterminately. We mean the light of this or that planet, or this or that group of planets. Any one you like, since they are innumerable. During the night then, the object of the eye is, universally speaking, light, but it is an universality of abstraction and indeterminateness. But suppose he lives until sunrise, say until he is fifty years of age, what happens then? He now has as the object of his eye, what? Light? Certainly, but when we say light in this general way do we mean just this or that light,

any light you like ? No, we mean light in the sense of the very source of light, the sun ; we mean that which is all or universal light, in the most concrete and determinate sense of the word. It is the sunrise that has caused this change of the object of sight of this imaginary person of ours, is it not ? Yes, but to speak in a way that is philosophically more useful and actually more precise, what has happened is this : the body of the earth has moved from between him and the sun.

Now, what happens at death is this : the body moves from between the soul and God. While in this life, the intellect was supplied with knowledge that had its source in created material things, the things that produced their impression on the senses, and through the senses, on the cerebral imagination. The object of the intellect was then, as we have seen, an universality of abstraction and indeterminateness. Now, all these created things which made their impression on the senses are (though we do not say it in a pantheistic sense) a reflection, an infinitely remote reflection of the Being of God. When, therefore, the body has moved from between the soul and God, what is the object of the intellect ? Instead of the innumerable reflections of God in creation, it now has its object the very Being of God. Instead of having as its object an universality of abstraction and indeterminateness, it now has as its object an universality or infinity (since God is existence itself) of concreteness and determinateness.

So much for the object of the intellect. Now, when the body has gone from the soul, how does the intellect know ? It knows, not by conversion to the phantasms, but by ideas impressed by God. It is as well to point out that these *species impressae* are not a sort of makeshift ; much as if the intellect had no way of knowing when the body is gone, and as if these impressed ideas are substituted artificially for its other and proper way of knowing when it was in the body. The man who has only known sunlight from the planets does not, when the sun rises, obtain a substitute for planet-light, but his eyes are illuminated by the *radii impressi* (if we may coin the word) of the sun itself. The example is apt enough,

and gives the reader a good idea of what is meant by saying the intellect now knows things by ideas impressed on it by God.

So much for the intellect when the soul has left the body. But what of the will? We make this assertion: that the will is, if we may use the expression, polarized by the very act of the soul's egress from the body; so that if it were averted from God at the moment of that egress it remains unalterably so averted, and if it were turned towards God at that moment it remains so turned unalterably. In other words, if the person is bad at the moment of death he remains bad unalterably, and—since the soul is immortal—for ever. Similarly, if the person is good at the moment of death, he remains unalterably and everlastingly so.

We must attend very closely to the reason why this is so. We have seen that, in this life, it is possible to change from good to evil, and vice versa. We have also seen, and this is the essence of the thing, that the reason why this was possible was because the object of the will was universal with an universality of abstraction and indeterminateness. The moment that sort of universality ceases to be the object of the will, the will ceases to be capable of changing from good to evil, or from evil to good. The reader must very carefully consider this point: if the will is to change from evil to good, it must summon some intellectual consideration inclining it to what is good. Evidently, that is what happens in this life. Now, the very use of the word *consideration* means that the intellect has a way of knowing in which its object is abstractly and indeterminately universal, so that it can be this thing or that, this consideration or its opposite. But it is precisely this way of knowing that ceases at death. We must conclude, therefore, that at the moment of death, and from the moment of death, the will remains in a fixed state. In what state? In that state of conversion towards or aversion from God in which it found itself at the moment of the soul's egress from the body; or—to put the matter in other words—at the moment when its object ceased to be abstractly and indeterminately universal and began to be concretely and determinately

universal or infinite. It is necessary to think this over carefully. The more one does so, the clearer will it be that our conclusion is quite inevitable. Perhaps it will assist the reader if we consider the following objection to that conclusion.

At the moment of the soul's egress from the body, the will, supposing it to be averted from God, will realize that God is infinitely desirable. Will it not, therefore, immediately repent? When the sunrise comes, our night-life man, who may have even ceased to believe in the existence of the sun in the course of his fifty years, will instantly and inevitably begin to prefer the sun to the planets, as a source of light. In the same way, will not the wicked man begin to love God rather than creatures from the moment of his death? In replying to this objection let us say first that the analogy from the example of the night-life man is useless, as we have reached a point where that example goes completely lame. To cure the lameness we should have to make numerous further suppositions that would only fatigue the reader. We prefer to drop it. But taking the objection itself, we make this reply: if the soul is to repent it must change from evil to good. To change from evil to good it must be presented by the intellect with some new consideration inclining it to good. In order that the intellect may present it with such a new consideration it must have a way of knowing in which its object is abstractly and indeterminately universal, so that its object may now be this and now that, now one consideration and now its opposite. But the intellect no longer has such an object, and cannot, therefore, present the will with any fresh consideration. The will, therefore, remains polarized, as we have said.

Of course, there is this much to be added. If, at the moment of the soul's egress from the body, the will is converted to God, the soul will rejoice in this conversion. Similarly, if the will is averted from God at the moment of egress, the soul will deplore this aversion. In that sense it will be sorry, but it will only be sorry for itself; it will only have that "repentance" which is called *serviliter servilis*, and which does not and cannot alter its aversion from God.

Is there anything more that need be said ? Perhaps some reader might have this slight difficulty : the intellect now has the infinitely good God as its object ? Must not the will then, if it moves in step with the intellect, necessarily love God ? No. The difficulty is really slight, and is explained in this way : the object of the intellect is not the infinite goodness of God, any more than it is the justice, or the power, or any other attribute of God. The object of the intellect is simply the infinite Being of God, the Infinity of concreteness and determinateness.

We may now bring this philosophical inquiry of ours to a close. It would seem that sound philosophy contradicts the assertions of the Spiritualists. Yet sound philosophy is simply the scientific study of what is and why it is. The assertions then of the Spiritualists are simply assertions of what is not and cannot be. This, briefly, would seem to be the pitiless but inescapable truth. Spiritualists have had troublesome critics at their séances before now, but the philosopher is easily the most embarrassing figure of the lot.

In this paper we have contented ourselves with picking up a few threads of Spiritualistic error here and there. Is it not possible that these threads are but the frayed ends of a line of error that is the whole explanation of Spiritualism ? What is that line of error ? Let us say it in a single word—corporeality. Spiritualism fails to consider the life of the soul in isolation from the body. It makes a feeble initial effort to do so, but—by a sort of short-circuiting of thought that too easily befalls the unphilosophic mind—it relapses, without noticing it, to the familiarity of corporeal life, and does not realize that it is most illogically projecting its acquaintance with this life into its speculation about the next. While it is still standing on one leg it imagines that it has taken to the air, and proceeds to tell us what it is like to fly. Hence the inevitable error of suggesting that because we can exchange experiences with others in this life we can still hob-nob with them when they are dead ; that because men can mend their ways in this world they can turn over a new leaf when they have reached the next.

You and I, however, dear reader, and all wise men

know that a philosophical error of this kind does not originally bloom out of some academic soil, but has its roots in life itself and in some false conception of life's meaning. From what wrong conception of life's meaning does Spiritualism arise? To ask that question is to ask us to step down from the pedestal of philosophy whereon this little inquiry has been conducted, and to venture on the unsure footing of conjecture. But let us so descend before we take leave of our patient reader.

Perhaps, then, the language and the "messages" of the Spiritualists supply us with the answer. You will have noticed that the Spiritualists have conventions of speech that are all their own. Death is not death but "passing over"; the hereafter is not heaven or hell or purgatory, but the "further side", and so on. These are not mere mannerisms, but an effort to slur over the mystery of death, to break down its barrier, and to make it appear that the next life is much the same mode of life as this. And this effort is further revealed in the "messages", which tell us, for example, that after "passing over" the artist concentrates on his art, the musician on his music, the scientist on his science, and so on. In other words, the next life is not very next-y, and death is not much of a mystery after all.

But why should not death be a mystery? Why this eagerness to make the next life look so much like this? One can only answer—because of a love of this life, a frame of mind in which happiness can be conceived only in terms of the pleasures (quite possibly the legitimate pleasures) of this life. People who have earth-bound minds like this cannot think of a happy hereafter that is not somehow a continuation of this life. Anything else they try to think of will form itself into a terrifying blank or void, wherein the dead are :

Swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion.

This frame of mind, though one hates to attribute it indiscriminately to all frequenters of séances, is anti-

Christian, for it is a defiance of the threat, or rather truth, that he that loveth his life shall lose it. And if there be people unwise enough to practise this defiance and to seek to get some confirmation from the world of the spirits, who can deny that there may be spirits evil enough to tell them what they want to hear? Certainly, one feels that the Spiritualists are playing with :

Unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

JOHN P. MURPHY.

CORRESPONDENCE

CLASSICISM AND ROMANTICISM

To the Editor of THE DUBLIN REVIEW

SIR,—I have read with much interest the correspondence of Mr. Maritain and Mr. Belgion in your January issue. If I venture to intervene, it is not to correct any misstatement of my own views, as Mr. Maritain does not impute any to me. I dare say that I write primarily from the flattery of being mentioned so charmingly by Mr. Maritain, who should know very well my very high opinion of him; but secondarily to cast doubt on two of his sentences.

Mr. Maritain admits that "*devant certains défenseurs des éternels principes classiques je trouve au romantisme des charmes enivrants*". This admission is robbed of its piquancy when it is perceived to be one which everyone may make. For he is contrasting, not classical theory with romantic theory, nor classical works with romantic works, but certain critics (I suppose) with certain poets. The comparison is not in kind. If he said that after reading La Harpe for half an hour he found inebriating charm in Verlaine no one would be likely to protest. And, on the other hand, I cannot conceive anyone finding such charm either in *romanticism* or in *classicism*; whereas, if one finds it at all, one will probably find it in works of art of both types.

I quite agree that the "dispute" between classicism and romanticism is *périmée*; but then it always was. The terms do not mean quite the same thing for any two people, or for any two decades; and they even shift their meaning for the same observer considering different ages and material. They are affected by every new work of art. Yet such apparently unsatisfactory terms have a way of being extraordinarily useful.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT.

BOLSHEVIK MENTALITY

To the Editor of THE DUBLIN REVIEW

SIR,—The vivid and poignant description of the state of religion in Russia which has appeared from the pen of Comtesse de Meeüs in the of DUBLIN REVIEW January, induces reflections of another and more philosophical order. I think that we regard

the persecution of Christianity in Russia too crudely as an anti-religious movement, and that we shall not really understand it until we recognize that it is mainly, itself, religious in character, and hence inspired with the uncompromising bitterness of an alien and profoundly opposed *religion*.

Let not my readers cry scandal at my employment of this term ; I am not inspired by any Bolshevik sympathies, but I believe that it is only by an intimate understanding of the basic ideas and the ultimate ideals of any system that we can prove either its value or its worthlessness, and I think we only begin to thus understand Bolshevism when we acknowledge that it is a new, and, indeed, a very terrific type of religion.

If I am told that there can be no religion without belief in God, I can only reply that there can be no *true* religion without such belief. But the etymology of the word lends itself to a different and, I think, a more correct conception. In so far as religion, in its widest sense, signifies worship, service, self-devotion, in regard to some ultra-individual, being or association of beings, we can have religion that is exclusive of all transcendental or supernatural elements ; thus Comtism. I do not think we can refuse the appellation of religion to Positivism, with its elaborate system of adoration, ritual and service. But in that system Humanity is substituted for God ; and all transcendental elements are excluded. The spiritual conception of life is maintained, whereas in Bolshevism this too is suppressed. In Bolshevism, which is a complete philosophy of Communism, human society, as incorporated in the State, takes the place of all other gods ; but it demands a worship, a service, a self-sacrifice as entire as, and far more ruthless than, the requirements of any supernatural religion. The social order is, in this system, the one thing that matters, and the individual has no separate or personal rights ; he exists only as a living wheel in the great living machine.

It was, to me, a very instructive experience to come in contact, as I lately did, with a fully developed Communistic mind and character, in the person of a young Serb. I quickly perceived how little I had understood the full meaning and force of that philosophy, and how completely it lay outside the reach of an ordinary religious apologetic. The complete suppression of all individualistic considerations, the total detachment from personal interest, render it impenetrable to an immense proportion of our ordinary arguments in such matters. It is a religion, and a very exacting one ; and, like many non-Christian religions, exacts from its followers a literal and uncompromising obedience which Christianity scarcely obtains.

Hence the war between Bolshevism and Christianity is a reli-

gious war ; and Bolshevik persecution of Christianity is inspired by the well-grounded knowledge that its religious ideals are not compatible with those of Christianity and that it can never obtain the whole-hearted service it demands so long as Christianity demands another form of service.

It must be fought, then, as a religion, and not merely as an anti-religion. Its social ideal will have to be proved pernicious to mankind by proving that material progress without some spiritual counterpart is an illusion. Its conception of the individual as a mere living cog in the great human machine will have to be counteracted by showing not only the loss to the individual, but the loss to society itself from such a conception of the individual. We shall have to prove that if it aims at the elimination of unhappiness it has simply no place for *happiness*, collective or individual ; and that any true conception of life is impossible without a profound conception of happiness, individual as well as social.

I am, Sir,

Yours etc.,

M. D. PETRE.

P. CRISOGONO'S "ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS"

To the Editor of THE DUBLIN REVIEW

SIR,—It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of St. John of the Cross as the chief of Catholic authorities on mysticism ; his doctrine is so profound that even authorities admit difficulties occasionally in determining what he means. All the more reason therefore to welcome an elucidation of his work from a member of his own order, an elucidation appearing at Avila with every mark of approval from the authorities, a work in three volumes by one of the most brilliant friars in the order of Mount Carmel, P. Crisogono de Jesus Sacramentado.

In your last issue, one of these volumes has received a few words of praise from Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, one has been totally ignored by him, and one singled out for critical attack which hardly does justice to what actually appears in the book.

On behalf of the author, and as his personal friend, may I correct this in your own review, though publishing elsewhere a long critical appreciation of the book ? The position of the DUBLIN in the world of English-speaking Catholics has under its present editorship become supreme.

One might begin by noticing that the first two volumes were so much appreciated by the authorities that when the third

appeared—the one ignored by your contributor—it opened with a long encomium from the General of the Carmelites, and all three came out with the imprimatur of the learned Bishop of Avila. On what authority then would Mr. Carmichael say he cannot praise the work of P. Crisogono? Which are we to take as our guides to its orthodoxy—the Bishop or Mr. Carmichael?

The point on which Mr. Carmichael concentrates is the position of the Saint in the realm of secular culture. In the opinion of the leading Spanish critic of our time, Señor Menendez Pelayo, and of the chief English living authority on Spanish literature, Professor Allison Peers, St. John of the Cross is the greatest lyric poet of Spain. He was also a writer of classical Castilian prose. P. Crisogono shows in the preliminary chapters ignored by Mr. Carmichael how perfectly the mystic quest may be, and actually was, harmonized with the love of ideal beauty, and how clearly the Saint proclaimed the excellence of creation. Yet though this is taken direct from the works of the Saint, Mr. Carmichael says "it is an entirely new St. John of the Cross whom Fray Crisogono presents to us". Is P. Crisogono the first to recognize in St. John a poet and a lover of beauty? Did not St. John follow the Bible in finding in Nature a reason to praise God, and follow Plato in seeing in created beauty a symbol and a ray of uncreated beauty? He has shown again and again how keenly and how precisely he appreciated Nature, not only in his *Cantico Espiritual*, but in the third of his *Subida*. His writings show also a keen appreciation of Art. Beginning, as Mr. Carmichael admits, with a natural love of all forms of created beauty, the Saint, as explained by P. Crisogono, turns from them to the transcendent and uncreated beauty, and then returns to enjoy them, as it were supernaturally, celebrating his joy in them, and in his mystic love together, in rapturous, and often highly sensuous verse; he himself frequently uses similitudes which prove his appreciation of Nature, and the record is completed by contemporary biographers who depict him not as an everlasting sermonizer, but as one who could jest and enjoy himself. Why, then, should Mr. Carmichael say that this is a "new and original view"? He pretends to quote P. Crisogono saying that the Saint's only motive in drawing or carving was artistic, but P. Crisogono says nothing of the sort, either in the pages Mr. Carmichael mentions, or any others. If St. John rhapsodizes over Nature before inviting the attention to rest alone in God, it is right of P. Crisogono to say that the Saint delighted in Nature. And this not only his prose but his verse prove over and over again. The mystic doctor of the Church was not a Calvinist, nor a Manichee. But he insists that the mystic who seeks for union with Him who transcends Nature

must turn his eye from it and above it. Then, communing with that uncreated beauty, he will enjoy the beauty of Nature and of Art in a better way than before, seeing the glory which shines behind it.

This is the point which P. Crisogono works out with the balance and precision which has gained him the approval of the authorities. To this he adds an appreciation of St. John as a poet. St. John wrote in the same metre as Garcilaso and Boscán, to whom he acknowledges his debt. This bond of tradition naturally strikes the brilliant young Spaniard more forcibly than it strikes Mr. Carmichael. An essay, intended obviously to appeal to the general student of letters, fitly ends with a quotation from Ovid. As the memories of Venus have long been associated with certain Italian shrines, so—I rejoice to see—this friar can turn to advantage his profane learning, transferring a reference to Cupid into homage to the prince of mystical lovers. Boys in Catholic schools read of Cupid in their Ovid without the indecency or wantonness which disturbs your contributor.

Mr. Carmichael accuses the learned friar of separating quotations from their context. But he may be sure that P. Crisogono will quote the text in its place. He does not mispresent the Saint as Mr. Carmichael represents him. Mr. Carmichael has been misled by beginning with too grim, too Calvinistic, too partial an idea—Dean Inge's idea—of St. John of the Cross. It was just that misapprehension which this book was written to correct, with the ardour and the fine excess of brilliant but not misguided youth.

I hope, with your permission, to discuss the teaching of St. John at greater length in a future number of the Review.

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT SENCOURT.

R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.

January, 29th.

To the Editor of THE DUBLIN REVIEW

SIR,—I am obliged to you for letting me see Mr. Robert Sencourt's observations on my St. John of the Cross article in the January DUBLIN and I can quite understand that considerations of space only enable you to spare me "a few words" in reply.

I have shown that on page 84 of vol. ii, Fray Crisogono, in a quotation from the first Life, excises four sections of the passage, thereby giving it an entirely different meaning, and one favourable to his argument. "Mr. Carmichael accuses the learned friar

of separating quotations from their context," writes Mr. Sencourt; "but he may be sure that P. Crisogono will quote the text in its place." I confess that I do not well understand this second sentence. What place? Should not Mr. Sencourt here have attempted an explanation of the proceeding? Unexplained, his vindication is left considerably impaired. There are a few other matters of fact on which I could have wished to comment had space allowed, such as the statement that St. John has acknowledged a debt to the poet Boscán: his acknowledgment is to Sebastián de Córdoba, as Fray Crisogono fully admits (ii, 25). But I must already be near the limit of "a few words".

If to write superlative poetry is to be a poet, then St. John is one of the world's greatest. Where do I deny it? My observations related to his *enjoyment* of art and nature. ("The absence of joy in created good, sets the heart free for God." *Asc.* III, 19, § 5.) If, as I believe, he had attained that extreme degree of supernatural transformation described by himself, it must needs have been by realizing "that detachment which consists in suppressing desire and avoiding pleasure" (*Asc.*, I, iii, § 4), and there could have been no room in his supersensual life for the enjoyment of nature and the arts. In all this what trace is there of Calvinism or Manichæism?

Yours etc.,

M. CARMICHAEL.

Livorno, February 8th, 1931.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

MR. MARITAIN's position to-day is too assured for his work to need any commendation. His **Religion et Culture** (Desclée, de Brouwer, 7 frs.), being small in bulk, should be read by many who are shy of facing books that require a more sustained attention. Mr. Maritain, in conjunction with Mr. Journet, is editing a series of essays whose object it will be to review the many problems that confront Catholic thought to-day. It is proposed, not so much to give solutions to difficulties, as to expose the problems and discuss them in the light of general principles inspired by the teaching of the Angelic Doctor. Many such problems, *e.g.*, modern Russia, are clearly incapable of any clear solution at the moment. But it will be an immense gain if Catholics are prepared, without prejudice, to try to see exactly in what the difficulty consists, and how it must be viewed in the light of fundamental Catholic teaching. This first essay, by Mr. Maritain himself, deals with the problem of culture or civilization in its relation to Religion. It is admirable for its clear and definite exposition of what a civilization is and what the position of the Church must be with regard to it. If the one is an endeavour to give scope and play to man's highest needs, so that it is essentially the effort of reason to co-ordinate material conditions to that end, so religion seems in its turn to guide and direct these lesser activities so that they in their turn shall serve man's supernatural end, the service of God. Most striking is the way in which Mr. Maritain shows how the Church, because supernatural and to that extent outside time, must resist the too human efforts of individual Catholics to identify it with this or that culture, this or that moment in history. On the contrary her function is to use all that God permits in time (and therefore overrules for His purpose), to watch, direct, inspire whatever history may bring about, but never to allow herself to be tied down to, identified with, and therefore, and in so far, stultified by passing material conditions. This is a hard doctrine to practise, but essential to Catholicism. Again and again the Church has suffered loss

through the too great attachment of her children, not to the eternal, but to the temporal and ephemeral. Her appeal to the world, which is also the object of the world's attack on her, lies precisely in the eternal element that raises her, though she be in the world, above it. Her willingness to see the working of Providence no less in the future than in the past, to discountenance prejudice and make use for divine ends of good wherever found, is one of her most striking characteristics. Mr. Maritain stresses this in almost impassioned language, or at least in language deeply rooted in conviction. Remarkable for lucidity and depth, this essay is no less remarkable for the supernatural spirit which inspires it. In England especially such a work, within the comprehension of all, is greatly needed. There is a reluctance amongst us to apply fundamental principles to practical problems, or, perhaps, an imperfect understanding of how such principles may be applied. The lucidity of Mr. Maritain's analysis of a civilization or culture, no less than his grasp of supernatural principles, as displayed in this essay, can hardly be read by anyone without immense gain to themselves.

Father G. J. Macgillivray, by his **Father Vernon and His Critics** (Burns Oates & Washbourne), has rendered a great service.

Someone had to undertake the ungrateful task of replying to Messrs. Milner-White's and Wilfrid Knox's now notorious *One God and Father of All*. It has become notorious because of its lack of charity, complete ignorance of the true nature of the Catholic Church, both in its essence and its function, and denial not only of the traditional "Anglo-Catholic" position but also of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Fr. Macgillivray has done the work excellently. He is succinct and charitable, and, as a convert Anglican clergyman, speaks of what he knows when dealing with the many wild statements about the Anglican Church which the book contains. He is admirable in explaining that the work of the Church is to define the faith, not to argue over ephemeral problems. He is right to insist that the

importance of such a book by two professed "Anglo-Catholics" lies in its complete abandonment of all that the Oxford movement stood for.

Individualism and subjectivism, combined with the adoption of some of the externals of Catholic worship, have replaced the old Tractarian appeal to Church and sacraments. The inconsistencies and contradictions are examined, as when on the one hand they reject reason and yet on the other make acceptance of the faith wholly depend on reason. This *Reply* is just the book for those who, groping their way towards the Church, are, owing to their terror of self-deception, most open to the innuendoes and false suggestions in which *One God and Father of All* abounds.

This **Story of a Russian Pilgrim**, translated from the French of the *Trenikon* edition by Dom Theodore Baily, O.S.B. Burns Oates & Washbourne) tells how a simple Russian, Orthodox not Catholic, learnt to practise what the Apostle taught: "Pray without ceasing". It is valuable for its extreme simplicity, charm and sincerity. It breathes a true devotion and that eagerness to attain to an interior life that should be its natural fruit. The method imposed by the holy priest who directed the pilgrim will seem strange and foreign to us, but we must remember that it was imposed by a Russian on a Russian, and he of the simplest unlettered type. But the repetition, thousands of times a day, of the invocation to Jesus, reinforced by love and generosity, did its work, and the pilgrim attained a practically uninterrupted state of prayer. His method and its result he thus describes: "It is only necessary to sink silently into one's heart, calling upon the glorious name of Jesus Christ as often as possible. The inward light makes itself felt at once and all this becomes plain; even certain mysteries of the Kingdom of God can be understood in the brightness of this light." The virtue of the repetition of the prayer to Jesus is illustrated by the story of the noisy child whose master, to keep him quiet, forced him unwillingly and with threats of a beating to repeat it. After a time all reluctance disappeared, and the child

developed a craving for silence and prayer. A book to be read by all those genuinely interested in prayer.

F. BURDETT.

When, in 1924, Mr. Jean Baruzi produced the first edition of his *St. Jean de la Croix, et le Problème de l'Expérience Mystique* (Alean, Paris) he gave the world its first profound psychological study of the Saint. It was written in the language of the school of distinguished psychologists to whom it was addressed, and not a few Catholic scholars regarded one or another of its contentions as mistaken. Father Benedict Zimmermann, for example, criticizing it in the *Tablet*, wrote that Baruzi was wrong in describing the great mystic as diverting his worship from the Second Person of the Trinity to God not as personal but as abstract. Mr. Etienne Gilson, in the *Revue Philosophique*, spoke in the same sense as though the Saint had transcended dogmas "to adhere to the universe". And naturally Mr. Maritain, who owes so much of his popularity to the hurtling ferocity with which he attacks whatever he thinks incompatible with his own rigorist Thomism, believed he had discovered a new heretic. The truth was that Mr. Baruzi had written in an unusual idiom, the idiom of his psychological friends, and it is not a particularly clear one. When people talk of "cosmic ecstasy" or a "theopathic state", or *l'expérience abyssale*, they no doubt gratify those who love the savour of novelty, but it is not always clear that they adhere to truths which have not been stated in the same jargon. Mr. Baruzi begins his new edition, therefore, with a preface that can leave no doubt as to his position. He is a Catholic psychologist studying a Catholic mystic, and as such his position is perfectly orthodox. If St. John lost himself in a Divine Dark, that dark was the inaccessible light of the Holy Trinity. The order of his activity was not metaphysical; it was mystical, which implied a search of human nature for something beyond itself, and beyond all creation. The power which sustained him was not a human power, it was that of heavenly grace. All this Mr. Baruzi now states in the most

definite terms, and the value of his book is greatly increased by them, even though its use as an authoritative study of the profoundest Catholic mystic has been to a large extent replaced by the recently published magisterial volumes of P. Crisogono de Jesus Sacramentado, the brilliant Carmelite of Avila. Mr. Baruzi dates the preface to this second edition August 1929: but the edition itself is dated 1931. Meanwhile the position has been altered by the three volumes of P. Crisogono. It can hardly be doubted that those volumes were written to rectify possible misapprehensions in Mr. Baruzi's first edition: and they answer the questions which he leaves still unsolved in his second.

Behind St. John's negation of desire in his *Dark Night of the Soul* and his turning away from nature in *The Ascent of Mount Carmel* lies a great problem, the problem of his relation to scholastic philosophy. Mr. Baruzi knew of course that he had studied Thomism at Salamanca, and he sees that he had also a profound and original philosophical mind. To Mr. Baruzi, then, a certain conclusion seems to emerge, that the saint was hampered and restrained by his scholastic philosophy from developing as a philosophy his study of the universal, and his convictions as to its relation to ourselves. In this he is surely superficial. St. John denies neither the value of nature as a subsidiary reality, nor its power to raise the human mind to the Creator. If he did, he would run counter to the whole tradition of Catholic thought. What he does insist on is that the Catholic mystic who, in the pursuit of interior perfection, desires to unite himself with the Heavenly Lover must turn his desires from created things and from every type of human satisfaction for his amorous unity—in wholehearted sacrifice—with Divine Transcendence, in comparison with whose beauty the beauty of created things is a disfiguring mirror. On the latter point Mr. Baruzi is clear, and it should have made him clear as to St. John's philosophical position. In the natural realm he accepted the Aristotelian doctrine of St. Thomas. But St. Thomas himself had spoken of God not merely as reality, but as more than reality: *superessentia*. St.

John saw the distinction between the two orders of reality very clearly. It is clear even in the nineteenth chapter of Book iii of the *Ascent*: but his rapturous delight in nature is expressed only in the later books. As P. Crisogono shows, St. John improved on the Thomistic theory of knowledge; and as both writers insist, he did so in the language of literature—in the rich and deliberate prose euphuists, the prose he had learnt at Salamanca, a prose in violent contrast to St. Teresa's homeliness; and also in rapturous lyrics which are now generally admitted to be the finest in the Castilian language. Why was the uncompromising ascetic so sensuous and finished a poet? On this point the Spanish scholar and the French one are equally clear. It was because there was in his profoundest mystical abandonment something to which the words of rapturous love opened the door. The point is one of the highest importance. The words of revelation are not indeed the revelation, but to those who are fitted to know the truth, those words are words of power. This is true not only of the New Testament, it is true of those sensuous images which from the time of Solomon have been consecrated to the service of the mystics. Between the expressions of human love and the mysteries of divine love there is so close a correspondence that the heart can use them for either: and in the pursuit of God's perfection they are consecrated, not as other creatures are to a good though natural use, but with an infused quality from the transcendent end to which they are directed so that they become a means of union between human nature and God's deep and dazzling darkness, where those who love Him live invisible and dim.

Perhaps Mr. Baruzi is not at his happiest when he describes St. John as the mystic of the dark night: it is true that St. John insisted that there were two nights essential to the spiritual life, the night of mortified desire, and the night of obscure contemplation, which is to hold the mind in living attention on the ultimate unity without any thought whatever of the images of multiplicity which, like particles of coloured glass stain—in Shelley's phrase—the white radiance of eternity. But the night of St. John of the Cross was brighter than the sun at

noonday ; his contemplation became an illuminating intuition of the life which is the light of men and of angels ; and if his desires were dead to the transient satisfactions and raptures of earth, his passionate temperament was aflame with love, the love of that essence of love of which all human loves are but the flickering signal.

This love is the great adventure of the mystic's heart and will. For St. John of the Cross—as both Mr. Baruzi and P. Crisogono make equally clear—considered the will not as a separate faculty but as the essential force and ardour of the soul : it is as it were the driving-power of the heart. It first purifies the understanding through applying to it the enlightening grace of faith, which shows it the blessed Trinity as the supreme reality. It next purifies the memory, and that constructive power of memory which is imagination and which leads to desire ; it does this by the eager expectation of a constantly unfolding, because transcendent, perfectness. And this is the virtue of hope, a quality of adventure too seldom defined, although essential to the mystic quest. Thirdly, the will purifies itself in the heart so as to seek for unity not with creatures, however innocent and however lovely, but to turn with all the strength of heart and soul and mind to accepting the impulses of grace and to be absorbed by ardour into the undying fire which, beginning as God's love for us, finds its end in our love for Him through His very love of us so that His beauty impregnates us, as it impregnates nature, and we see Him in it, and He us in it, and our separate beauties are His only. We can indeed only see Him by what through grace we share with Him ; so we know that when He comes, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

R. E. SENCOURT.

In estimating the position of Freud in the world of to-day, one is tempted to draw a parallel between him and Darwin. They both exist for the public in the character of majestic, deep-browed old gentlemen who are almost myths ; their intellects have been narrow and concentrated rather than broad and comprehensive ; their doctrines have aroused the same passionate reactions, seeming

to some as destructive of all that men value, to others the light of a new knowledge and a new freedom. The dust dies down in the arena, but a few little groups are left still fighting in corners. Nobody wins, but something is gained: Freud himself has said recently, "I cannot tell whether it will be much or little."

In trying to form a fair judgment on the work of Freud it is best to bite off a little piece at a time, and Fr. de la Vaissière in his monograph: **La Théorie Psychanalytique de Freud** (Archives de Philosophie, Vol. viii, Beauchesne, Paris, 1930), does well to lead us gently into the dark caverns of the Unconscious by describing the steps which led the master on his way. This falls naturally enough into an historical resumé, for, as the author says, "*Exposer la psychanalyse revient en grande partie à raconter la vie de son inventeur*".

We need not recall these stages here except to remind ourselves that Freud's first important work, *Die Traumdeutung*, appeared as far back as 1900, so that psychoanalysis is not a mere fashion of the moment, though it has unfortunately suffered that fate as well in recent years.

When Freud forged for himself a new instrument of investigation into the neuroses, in the shape of free association and the study of dreams, he found that the repressed thoughts and desires of most of his patients were sexual in nature. From long patient years of treatment and investigation he formed hypotheses to explain these facts, and finally came to the famous Oedipus complex.

At this point of the story we feel that the author has somewhat shirked the problem, for he devotes but a few pages to the three contributions to the study of sex, in many respects, as he says, one of the most important of Freud's work, and but a paragraph or two to the Oedipus situation. Although it is referred to later, there is little attempt to grapple with this, the keystone of the Freudian structure. It is not our intention to attempt a defence or explanation of it, but it may be said that had not the adult situation of the Greek myth been used to explain the love-and-jealousy relationships of children and parents, or, had it been possible to use another word than sexual,

the situation as presented by Freud would have been accepted as being in some respects a true one, which, when unresolved, gives rise to familiar forms of neurosis and undeveloped types of individuals.

It is a feature of Fr. de la Vaissière's estimate of Freud that he accepts and to some extent praises him as a "metapsychologist" rather than as a psycho-analyst pure and simple. This is a reversal, on the whole, of the value accorded him by most of his critics, who think that he has misapplied his talent in widening his field to embrace all branches of human activity, thus leading to the puerilities of his two most recent books on Religion and on Civilization.

True, as the author states in his preface, "*le but de la présente étude n'est pas d'examiner la valeur médicale de la psychanalyse, mais la portée de ses théories au point de vue psychologique*"; nevertheless, we feel that the author has been a little too severe on Freud the analyst, and perhaps a little too kind to him as a psychologist.

The cleverly condensed résumé of Freud's "metapsychology" starts with a description of the "*principes d'activité*" of the organism, the principles of pleasure and of reality which merge in his later work, *Beyond the Pleasure-Principle*, into the Eros or principle of life opposed to the instinct to return to an antecedent state—death or Nirvana. These principles operate upon the "*appareil psychique*" of the Id, Ego and Super-Ego, which translate more smoothly into French as *le Soi, le Moi, et le Sur-Moi*. It is easy enough to scoff at this arbitrary and somewhat comic description of the human soul, but Fr. de la Vaissière is wiser and prefers to draw a parallel, later in the book, between the Id of Freud and the seat of the Passions of the Scholastics; finding, too, an interesting resemblance between the "ambivalence" of Freud and St. Thomas's classification of the Passions in opposites—such as love-hate. A *rapprochement* between the two may sound shocking to some ears, nevertheless "*le rapprochement est d'autant plus réel que pour Freud, comme pour saint Thomas, toute connaissance . . . est intégralement conservée dans l'inconscient: traces mnémiques pour l'un, conservation 'in habitu' chez l'autre*".

We omit the discussion of Freud's views on Aesthetics (of which the great man knows little), as also of Social Psychology; of Freudian pretension in Pedagogics the author says: "*Quant à sa prétention d'avoir le pas sur le terrain éducatif, elle ne saurait se justifier en particulier pour deux importantes raisons : la méthode est légitimement inapplicable ; la sublimation ne saurait remplacer, ni même réellement aider à la formation directe de la volonté.*"

Passing now to the author's own critique of Freud as psychologist, in many respects the most important part of the book, he finds that Freudian psychology does not satisfy one of the criteria which he lays down for a truly psychological theory, that it should have "*assez de largeur et d'extensibilité pour que tout phénomène psychologique puisse y trouver place*". He criticizes, from this angle, "*le peu de jeu laissé à l'influence des tendances intellectuelles, l'excès d'importance attribuée à l'instinct sexuel*". It was for the latter reason mainly that Jung and Adler seceded from their master, as Freud himself said: "The one declares that sexual does not mean sexuality but something abstract and mythical; the other that the sex life is only one of the grounds upon which man exercises his instinctive desire for power and domination." As to which of them is right, the answer that they are all right up to a point is one which may annoy both sides but which we feel is as true of this particular trio as it is of most human theorists or scientists.

The next section deals with the "*dynamisme inconscient*" when the author draws a parallel, indicated above, between the scholastic and the Freudian approach, pointing out a difference when it comes to the "pleasure-principle", which for the former is a modality and not a motive force of human-action; but here, surely, it is merely a question of terms, for "pleasure-principle" might stand just as well for conation or striving towards the good. We are on dangerous ground when we jump from one set of terms to another.

An interesting section then follows on free will, which is of course denied by the Freudians, but the difficulty is overcome if it is considered as being, as it were, outside the psychic contents, which it maintains in action

without adding any new elements. The author at any rate concludes : "*Le déterminisme dans la continuité du psychisme n'a donc rien dont les partisans du libre arbitre ne s'accommodent parfaitement. . . .*"

The final verdict is now passed, which is that Freud, if judged on his sexual theories, must be condemned, because he has extended his personal views to form a general theory of the unconscious. Why, we may ask, has Freud done this if he started without preconceived ideas and is by all accounts a good observer and a most sincere person ? The answer to this question lies in the part played by *bias* in all scientific observation, but more especially in the domain of psychology ; for a discussion on this point we may consult the first chapter of Père Maréchal's *Studies in the Psychology of the Mystics*. It is not so much this kind of bias but a personal emotional reaction to the stimulus of that little word "sex" which must explain the violent repulsion felt by so many people for psycho-analysis. It is partly a mistaken projection on to the child of adult ideas of sex, with all its moral, and often puritanical, implications ; because the word evokes so pristine and powerful an impulse, one so bound up with personal difficulties and conflicts ; but, beyond that, with the guilt of the race ; as D. H. Lawrence says : "When Adam and Eve became conscious of sex in themselves they became aware of what was pristine in them and which preceded all knowing."

Freud's chief mistake perhaps has been to seek to explain the human being on one plane alone, making the Intellect a mere appendage and the Will non-existent, turning a branch of medical science into a doctrine. As the author remarks in his concluding sentence, "*N'est-ce pas grand dommage ?*"

We must be grateful to Fr. de la Vaissière for having given us such a brilliant résumé of a very difficult subject, for having indicated even possible points of *rapprochement* with a science which generally receives nothing but abuse, and for having made a sincere attempt at an objective and intelligent summing-up—showing once more the excellence of Catholic philosophy as a garment for the judgment-seat.

CHARLES BURNS.

Messrs. Sheed & Ward have published (November 1929) the English edition of Mr. Maritain's *Primaauté du Spirituel*, under the correlative title of **The Things that are not Cæsar's**, accompanied by a special Preface in which the author expounds and summarizes the method and purpose of his book. The very full notes and Appendices are retained, and justify their length, as compared with that of the text, by the detailed support they give to the necessarily wide generalizations of Mr. Maritain's thesis.

The occasion of the book is the Pope's condemnation of the *Action Française*, but its object is to set forth an account and justification of a particular aspect or application of Papal authority. For this purpose, the author has in the book itself confined his attention as far as possible to abstract considerations, their historical illustration being relegated to the Appendices and Notes. By this method the author lifts his subject into an atmosphere which is free, or almost free, from the strong feeling and consequent distortion commonly prevailing in political controversy.

The precise subject to be treated of is consequently the Pope's power of "indirect action". This name is perhaps somewhat misleading, for the action itself is direct enough; what is really indirect is the motive or purpose governing the action. That is to say, the Pope has power to take, or cause to be taken, action in the purely secular sphere for a spiritual end—such as, in general terms, the welfare or protection of the Church, or the good of souls. Action which may be called "direct", as distinguished from the technically indirect, that is, which has for its object the purely temporal welfare of the persons or institutions concerned, has been supported theoretically by mediæval and other theologians. But Mr. Maritain has no difficulty in showing that this theory is erroneous, and quotes in favour of his conclusion the Encyclicals of Leo XIII *Sapientiæ Christianæ* and *Immortale Dei*. The spiritual and the temporal spheres are, in fact, distinct from one another, and each under ordinary circumstances is subject to its own independent authorities. At the same time, it cannot be disputed that the spiritual is superior to the

temporal, or that the spiritual authority is therefore competent to intervene with full power in temporal affairs, whenever the spiritual necessities of the Church require that it should do. This indeed would seem to be obvious on the slightest consideration of the nature of spiritual authority; for as the spiritual life of the individual expresses itself necessarily and inevitably in temporal things, so the spiritual and temporal are conjoined in the corporate life of Church and nation alike; and as with the individual, so in the corporate, a real or apparent divergence of interest or conflict of judgment may at any time call for an authoritative decision by the superior power. No less than this would probably be claimed by any Protestant divine; though a reasoned and comprehensive basis for the due adjustment of the relations of the spiritual and political authorities can be found only in the system of the Catholic Church.

The only point on which a doubt can arise is the question as to the person or authority who is to decide whether or not in any particular case indirect action is necessary or desirable. But it is certain that the Pope, or the authority delegated by him, is the only possible judge in the matter. For where opinion is divided, a practical settlement can be made only by the supreme authority: compromise by agreement is *ex hypothesi* unattainable. It follows that obedience to the decision is the absolute duty of Catholics, and this obedience must be "filial", and not merely mechanical or compulsory; that is, the Pope's judgment must be accepted as the true and providential solvent of the question at issue, and must override any previous doubts or misgivings. The only exception, as St. Thomas points out, is when obedience would require something to be done which is manifestly wrong. In such a case, obedience to Divine law has the highest claim, and a Catholic not only may, but must, render it. But then the question arises how the *manifest* character of the act is to be determined. Obviously something less than universal consent must be admitted, and it is at least theoretically possible that the individual conscience may in the last resort be a sufficient—or the only available—judge as to what is

manifest or the reverse. Such cases, though few, have occurred. A very well known one is that of Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, who, while strongly upholding the Pope's power of indirect action, at the same time refused institution to the Pope's nominee for a vacant canonry.* The Pope was, indeed, complaisant, readily withdrew his nomination, and took measures for the safeguarding of patrons' rights in the future; but it is plain from the Bishop's words that he did not intend under any circumstances to alter his decision. No one may act against his own conscience, and even a "false" conscience has indisputable authority. In forming such a conscience, some sin, of obstinacy, rashness or what not, may well have been committed; but the particular sin of disobedience is not chargeable against the act. It would have been well, if only for the sake of completeness, if Mr. Maritain had given somewhat fuller consideration to this point.

The second and third parts of the Essay deal with such questions as the just limits of compromise, the extent to which the Church's cause may be identified with that of any party in the State, and the authority which belongs to purely secular, or non-Catholic governments; with particular reference to present conditions and probabilities in the future. On the latter subject the author is not unduly optimistic—there is indeed hardly any limit to the perplexities which may conceivably arise amid the various currents of thought and action that may be generated at points of contact between the unchanging Faith and the new departures of a world largely dominated by secularism and unbelief. In such perplexities, whatever they may be, Mr. Maritain's calm and temperate statement of principles will be of permanent value.

A. B. SHARPE.

A book about More's *Utopia* is bound to be a book about social affairs, and as, in spite of what some claim to be 5934 and others several millions of years' experience, men's social arrangements are still characterized by disorder and discontent, such a book is bound to be

* See Lingard, vol. ii, ch. 6, p. 239. (Ed. 1855.)

appropriate reading alike to the few who enjoy some sort of private order as to the many who suffer the disorder of public affairs. And if we are going to read about Society it is best to read about Utopia, for in that blissful place everything is arranged exactly as it ought to be. You may have your Utopia and we have ours; the discussion rages round the main question: Would you *like* that sort of place? We are not obfuscated by questions of historical accuracy (most disgusting of enquiries) or of immediately practical possibility; we are, by the nature of the case, led to concern ourselves solely with such primary matters as the nature of man and the nature of the world he inhabits.

As to man's nature: this must chiefly be defined in relation to his last end, and here we are confronted by the fact, as delightful as it is surprising, that it is to a city that he is destined—the heavenly Jerusalem *quae aedificatur ut civitas*. Man's nature is that of a townsman!—and the world he inhabits, whether we regard that of time and place or that of the mind, must be regarded *sub specie aeternitatis* or we shall find ourselves regarding a world which could not in fact exist.

The social disorder of the present time is primarily due to our having forgotten what is the nature of man. Secondly it is due to the mental confusion caused by the reliance we place upon the findings of experimental science. We have forgotten the first answers in the Penny Catechism, and we have accepted with a kind of schoolboy innocence the parlour tricks and dignified attitudes of astronomers and microscopists. How otherwise could those monstrous wens we still call towns have grown?—how otherwise could the colossal foolishness of industrialism be endured? In such morasses, in such madness there are bound to be rebellions and reactions, but unless we know the good of which we are deprived and the truth by which to replace the false it is likely that the remedies proposed or attempted will be as bad or worse than the disease.

Herein lies the value of Utopian reading. Plato's *Republic*, Augustine's *City of God*, even Wells' *Modern Utopia*, all supply presentations of societies which call

upon the reader to decide primary questions, and no question is more primary than: Would you like *that* sort of place? or, in terms of the present: Do we like *this* sort of place?

Now the modern world, in which mechanics take the place of craftsmen and bankers that of bishops, in spite of its many manifestations of power and good will almost universally provokes the answer: No. *We do not* like it, and the things of our world which we most dislike are its enormously overgrown and ugly towns; its decayed countryside; its noise and hurry; the factory system of production which, though providing countless conveniences, relies upon a sub-human irresponsibility in the workman and therefore breeds a low-class humanity, depending for its enjoyment of life upon low-class amusements in its spare time; its worship of money and material success; in brief, its entire neglect of 'the better part'.

The Reformers of the sixteenth century emptied out the baby with the bath; there is every probability that those of to-day will endeavour to do the same. Here again Utopias are useful; in them the sport of emptying out babies may be more safely conducted than in Eugenic Societies, and "back to the land" movements may be conducted and Jerusalem destroyed without touching the real thing.

More's *Utopia* is a model in these respects. But, unlike Plato's at one end of history and Wells' at the other, it presents a debate in which the normal man is neither undiscovered nor forgotten. In the fifth century B.C. who knew what was normal man? In the year 1905 who could remember? But More's *Utopia* was written 400 years ago; how should anyone know that it has anything to do with us? **More's Utopia and his Social Teaching** (by W. E. Campbell. Eyre & Spottiswoode) is to be highly recommended in this respect: it shows the connexion. A clear realization of modern social disorder and of the many points of similarity between our troubles and those of the Tudors (are not many of ours derived from the false remedies applied to theirs?), and at the same time no wish to make man either less or more than he is, these, in spite of a somewhat donnish tone, are the

author's qualifications. Extracts from St. Thomas Aquinas and Cardinal Newman disclose his foundations; by those from Brewer and R. H. Tawney his argument is buttressed. He has resisted the temptation to use More simply as a support for his own theories; in our opinion it is "fair comment". Both as an introduction to the *Utopia* and as a witness to our own social shortcomings and their proper remedies, it is a very good book.

ERIC GILL.

Mr. Ryan's survey of the history of **The House of the Temple** (Burns Oates & Washbourne), although taken ostensibly and with more abundant and picturesque detail from the standpoint of the French Langue headquarters at the Temple, covers the whole ground of the history of the Knights of S. John. The ultimate settlement of the Knights at Malta pursuant to the Emperor Charles V's gift of territorial sovereignty over what in his day was nothing but a waste of rock inhabited by a handful of fisherfolk, the more valuable foothold upon African soil, Tripoli, having to be relinquished, opened a new phase in the Order's destinies.

The problems inherent in the twofold religious and international foundation, organized upon national idiom-lines of demarcation, and in after years the growing preponderance of the more powerful states bordering upon Mediterranean shores, reacted unfavourably upon the Order's prestige, so much so that the remark of Patrick Brydone, an Irish traveller who visited Malta in 1770, defining the "Knights as a strange compound of the military and ecclesiastic . . . [that] has long survived every other child of chivalry", infers the surprise of his age at the continuance of a shadow-state. Yet if the shadow state was to be swept away by the French Revolution, certain among the issues remain in being even to-day, among them the spirit of nationalism; and it is towards the understanding of the latter that Mr. Ryan's study is of exceptional assistance.

At the Temple, the Knights are wearers of dead men's shoes. The Knights Templars' wealth caused them to be regarded as a power deserving of abatement by the French

Crown, and Pope Clement V, dissolving the Order in 1313, instituted the Knights of St. John their legatees. Situated outside the walls of Paris in the area known as the Marshes, le Marais, the Enclos du Temple became derelict, the castle or donjon untenanted, the church closed, buildings and wall-circuit crumbling. But the site lay in closer proximity to the Louvre, then also fortified, and this proximity counselled removal of their commandery, situated near the Sorbonne, some twenty years later to the Temple, and restoration of the walled precincts. The vast area now comprised the new church, several chapels, dwellings for the Knights of the French Langue and the residences of the Grand Priors of France, Aquitaine and Champagne grouped together. Mr. Ryan's narrative visualizes this pictorially. The Temple from the early Renaissance and throughout the Valois and Bourbon ages developed as a community apart. A law unto itself, a state within the state of social France, the Temple, politically influential, reacted also for good and ill upon the destinies of Malta in the eighteenth century, until the Napoleonic conquest caused the passing into history of the experiment, four centuries old at Malta, of politico-religious internationalism.

The heroic age of the Knights at Malta opened under the leadership of their Grand Master Fra Philippe de l'Isle Adam (1464-1534), who brought his brotherhood, with their heirlooms of sacred treasure intact, through four years' wandering after the surrender of Rhodes, 1523, and a vain quest for a foothold in Crete, Baia, Viterbo and Rome, at last to Malta. His successors, whether of French or other Langues (nations), fostered the vital forces of chivalry, military enterprise, administrative ability, and encouraged the ready acceptance of culture brought, owing to geographic proximity, from Italy. The latter, moreover, was strengthened by the right of presentation to episcopal dignity in Malta with concomitant jurisdiction of the Holy See. The appointment of able Italians to ecclesiastical benefices could not but foster a Maltese national sense in opposition to the Knights' internationalism, the more that while Maltese gentry were eligible for high office, supreme power remained vested in an alien Grand

Master. Matters reached a climax in the conflict of jurisdiction between the Archbishop Mgr. Pellerano and the Grand Master, Ximenes de Texada, a Spaniard, in 1775; and Don Gaetano Mannarino, a Maltese gentleman and parish priest of Floriana, was imprisoned by the Grand Master. Ximenes, dying suddenly, was replaced by De Rohan, a Frenchman. A *modus vivendi* was negotiated with Pope Pius VI. Mgr. Pellerano, summoned to Rome, did not return, but Don Gaetano's incarceration continued until 1798, when the aged priest, carried shoulder high by the French invaders, became the hero of the Maltese people.

These eighteenth-century developments deserve study to-day in view of the problems lying before the British government—the need to respect ecclesiastical privilege strengthened by the attachment of the people, and to hold the balance of uncontested national rights even with aspirations of a minority imbued with Latin culture, in an island at the crossways of Mediterranean and Empire routes. Mr. Paribeni's monograph, *Malta*, illustrates the affiliation of her culture, the Italianità of Malta, with characteristic stress, although giving credit to the "conqueror" for preserving the Italian artistic physiognomy of the Knights' occupancy, and for the continuance of archæological research which has discovered pre-Roman Malta. The cultural claim, nevertheless, to art-territory outside political borders should not rest upon such airy foundations, for the definition of which "archæological claims" a late distinguished British statesman advocated the adoption of a large-scale map.

M. MANSFIELD.

Though Luther's positive theology has probably few adherents to-day, the religious movement he inaugurated is still so powerful, and its effects have been so far reaching, this his life and character will continue to invite study. Within a decade this Augustinian friar had overthrown the Church in a large part of Germany, had suppressed amid blasphemous ribaldry her central and most sacred mystery, uprooted ceremonies and forms of prayer which for wellnigh a millennium had been woven into the

texture of public and private life, within a few years more had extended his victory to Scandinavia, and in a modified form had annexed Holland, Great Britain and the larger portion of Switzerland. However favourable the situation, such a mighty and swift work of destruction could have been performed by no ordinary man. What sort of a man then was this religious revolutionary? The Jesuit Fr. Grisar, though admittedly an antagonist, has nevertheless written a history so scrupulously fair and impartial in its presentation of the facts as to receive the tribute of many Protestant scholars and the warm approbation of Mr. Havelock Ellis, a writer, who stands altogether apart from Christianity. Having first published this more specialized study in three volumes, he wrote a more summary but, as he tells us himself, more comprehensive biography which has now appeared in English: **Martin Luther: His Life and Work** (B. Herder Book Co., 17s. 6d.).

The author has certainly succeeded in giving us a living, consistent and intelligible account of the development of Luther's thought and character. If here and there he is too ready to blame or at least disapprove of Luther for an outlook which he shared with canonized saints (his credulity in regard to diabolic manifestations *cf.* the Cure d'Ars, and his conviction that the Judgment Day was imminent, *cf.* St. Gregory the Great, St. Vincent Ferrar, indiscriminate abuse of clerical morals, *cf.* St. Peter Damian), Fr. Grisar never attributes to him an action or motive for which he cannot produce ample evidence. He will not allow that he was a drunkard, nor that there is sufficient evidence of connexions with women apart from his "marriage" to Catharine Bora. In his larger work he proves that the saying popularly associated with his name—

Who loves not women, wine and song
Shall be a fool all his life long—

is an eighteenth-century forgery adapted from an Italian proverb, and he establishes from its context that the famous passage from a sermon on matrimony, "If the wife will not, let the maid come", meant no more than that the

refusal of conjugal duties is a ground for divorce. He admits Luther's courage in ministering to the plague-stricken, his charity to the poor and freedom from personal greed, his hard and sincere labours to stem the currents of moral laxity which his own teaching had provoked, his practical belief in and practice of those "good works" whose merit he denied, and the mutual affection and good order that characterized domestic relations which, from the Catholic standpoint, should never have existed. All this should give even Protestant readers confidence in the substantial truth and entire honesty of Fr. Grisar's account, and render his verdict at least one which demands the most serious consideration. What then is it? Summarily this. He finds in Luther fiery and tireless energy, concentration of will, personal fascination, a subtle, wellnigh uncanny, understanding, as though by a sixth sense, of the feelings and attitude of those whom he addresses, consequently an acute choice of the right way in which to address them, a genius for advertisement, but on the other hand a pathological distortion of character, an intense obstinacy which under no circumstance could own itself wrong, an unbridled violence of temper which, conjoined with a coarseness prominent even in his outspoken age, led him to the wildest and most irresponsible extravagances of language, and a lack of scruple which did not shrink, if necessary, from barefaced lying. The type of man who is his own end, as far as he can manage it, his neighbour's Pope is not uncommon. But he seldom possesses such dæmonic force and iron determination, seldom finds such a congenial environment as Luther possessed and found. Luther's pathological distortion—Havelock Ellis also regards him as a pathological case, though, as we might expect, his view of it is more sexual than Fr. Grisar's—was an intense and morbid fear of God and His Judgments. Fr. Grisar traces this morbidity to a psycho-neurotic trauma caused, he thinks, by the shock to a temperament already neurotic, of the lightning flash which threw him to the ground and extorted a terror-stricken vow to enter religion.

Fr. Grisar does not trace in detail—he is content with a

brief indication—the antecedents of Luther's teaching in the later nominalist theologians, scattered elements, e.g., the imputation of justice, which he utilized in constructing his doctrine. For this the reader must go to Fr. Denifle's monumental work. Fr. Grisar is more interested in the psychological than in the theological aspect of Luther's development.

The author's attitude towards mysticism is unsatisfactory. He does not indeed dispute the orthodoxy of the mystics to whom Luther first turned for help, Tauler and the anonymous author of the *Theologica Germanica* (the preposterous but terribly significant title, a presage of the religious nationalism which will give every state its special brand of doctrine, is Luther's own), but he speaks of mysticism in terms unpleasantly suspicious, if not actually disparaging, and appears to treat it as a religious extra or hobby about which it is as well to be on one's guard. "Mysticism had always been cultivated to a certain extent in the religious orders of the Catholic Church" (like glass-painting or hymn-writing!). "The pious union with God at which mysticism aims." "Staupitz also posed as a mystic." "Mystical will o' the wisps." And quoting a letter in which Luther urges confidence in Christ's imputed righteousness, he even speaks of "the vocabulary of mysticism". "In the beginning of his career he (Luther) adopted the *pseudo-mysticism, which pervaded his age.*" The mysticism of Rueysbroek, Tauler, and the Friends of God? Of Denys the Carthusian, and à Kempis? Such remarks have a flavour of Nicole.

Whatever may be thought of those points where we must dissent from or question Fr. Grisar's judgment, there can be no doubt that the book is a fine example of scholarship, presentation and impartial fairness. The translation on the other hand is execrable. It is little short of an insult to Fr. Grisar to present his book in such a hideous dress. Not that the translation is inaccurate. On the whole it seems reliable. But the "English"! We resist with difficulty the temptation to conclude our review with a list of examples which may serve as a warning example of what is *not* translation. But considerations of space must be paramount.

A great religious order presents so many aspects of historical significance in the complexity of its life and history that an accurate and comprehensive account of the order of St. Dominic affords the historical student a tool of the utmost value. True, the **Compendium Historiæ Ordini Praedicatorum**, just published in Rome (Herder), by Angelus Maria Walz, O.P., is essentially a work of reference. A collection of facts with a minimum of comment must necessarily be dry and difficult reading. But to have such a vast number of facts collected in a work of wide erudition, provided with an ample bibliography, well arranged and well indexed, is to possess an indispensable work of reference. The history of the Order is divided into three parts, from the foundation to the dawn of the Reformation (1507), from 1507 to the catastrophe of the Napoleonic age (1804), from 1804 to the present day. Each part is subdivided into sections dealing respectively with the development of the Order, its constitution, its life and work, religious, scientific, apostolic, the statistics of its provinces and congregations. The history of the second and third Orders follows by itself.

Dry facts, I said. Yet such facts must stir any semi-alive imagination. The extent of time and space covered by the activities of the Order, its intellectual achievement (Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas, Cajetar), apart from the host of saints which honours its three branches—the bare record of such facts, if the reader will but realize them, is a living contact with greatness.

We are glad to notice that this official Dominican history is silent as to any particular connexion between St. Dominic and the Rosary, merely stating that Alexander VI two and a half centuries later ascribed its institution to him. After this we may venture to hope that an exploded legend will be universally given up.

It is gratifying to learn that the membership of the Order, which, as a result of anticlerical persecutions had sunk in 1876 to 3,341, now exceeds 6,000—the rate of growth being particularly rapid in the last decade, from 4,724 in 1921. Yet there are still many who think of monks and friars as strange though picturesque figures,

long since extinct, of mediæval history—like knights in armour or archers.

It was in bluff King Harry's days and *monks and friars were then*, You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of clergymen.

This book, could they but read it, would be an eye-opener indeed.

On this splendid achievement there is one blot, the appalling picture which introduces it—in the very worst traditions of modern *bondieuserie*. And to illustrate the Order which produced Fra Angelico!

The annals of intolerance contain no worse episode than the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV with its accompanying persecutions. The Huguenots in 1685 were no longer an armed faction intent on suppressing Catholicism by force. On no hypothesis could they be regarded as in bad faith. To deprive them of rights solemnly guaranteed and attempt their forcible conversion was a crime dictated by the statecraft which would admit only the king's religion in the king's territory and a fanaticism blind to the self-contradiction of a compulsory faith. For that crime the French Church must bear a full share of responsibility. But what of the Pope—then the saintly Innocent XI? Dr. Louis O'Brien's thesis **Innocent XI and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes** (Berkely California, 1930) answers the question. Briefly his conclusion, proved to the hilt, is that Innocent approved the actual revocation which withdrew the toleration of Protestant worship, disapproved strongly of the forcible conversions which followed it. We cannot claim that the Pope's attitude was that of modern toleration. He would not concede a right of public worship to non-Catholics in a Catholic State—consistently, at any rate, for his predecessor had always protested against the Edict of Nantes, as at best a concession wrested by force. But he did not think it right to compel a Protestant to profess a Catholicism in which he had no belief. On the contrary he regarded such conformity as a mortal sin of blasphemous hypocrisy. This is proved

by his letter to the Emperor Leopold: "What likelihood is there that conversions obtained by torture are real conversions? We have wept, we have bemoaned them instead of rejoicing in them. The horrible thought of so many sacrileges which have been committed will cause me to shudder for the rest of my days. . . . I do not know whether I should not despair of the salvation of a Christian who thus abuses the power of his arms by turning to ridicule all the mysteries of religion. . . . Who will be responsible for so many unbelievers approaching the holy altars with pale disfigured countenances and hypocritical reproving consciences? Would it not have been a thousand times better for the glory of the name of Jesus and the salvation of so many souls to whom God will not grant grace since they are impious and sin against the Holy Ghost, would it not have been better to have left them in their former complete liberty rather than to have made them fall into the callousness from which they will never be able to extricate themselves?" This eloquent protest against enforced conformity in religion leaves nothing to be desired, though we may wonder how it is to be reconciled with the procedure of the Inquisition. If it be asked why the Pope, who publicly approved the revocation of the edict, was content with private denunciation of the dragonnades, Dr. O'Brien shows that it was because the relations between Rome and Louis were so strained, the temper of the latter so defiant, that the Pope had good reason to fear a Gallican schism if he added fuel to the flames by further public opposition to the King. Dr. O'Brien's thesis is an excellent example (in all but his style) of what an historical monograph should be. He fully establishes what he set out to prove, marshals his arguments well and strictly avoids the superfluous. Two or three minor points. The head of the Dominicans is called "master" not "father" general p. 32). If the number of sees kept vacant by Louis was 41 (p. 53), it is needlessly vague and misleading to say elsewhere "more than 35". In the footnote to p. 85 the word "privilege" is misused. Since the days of Richelieu the Huguenots had enjoyed no "privileges". And Fr. Peters (p. 170) is obviously a mistake for Fr. Petre. E. I. WATKIN.

The Abbé Bremond's second volume of **A Literary History of Religious Thought in France** (S.P.C.K.) is now before us in an excellent translation, and it is full of the most substantial consolation for those who yet hope for the salvation of the Israel of God, that unknown and silent body within the Church who, century after century, have not only the Faith but also have faith in prayer, and prayer in its most simple, most efficacious, and most modest exercise. The greatest saint of this period (1590-1620), St. Francis of Sales, has put the matter so well in his *Treatise on the Love of God* (Bk. v, c. 2): "Milk being then a liquid prepared by the heart, and presented by love, it is a just representation of the science called mystical theology; that is, the sweet and transporting knowledge of God which follows the love of complacency and is infused into the understanding when it meditates on the inexhaustible perfections of the divine goodness. But wine is the symbol of ordinary science, acquired by the labour of speculation, and which, if we may say so, is extracted from the press of arguments and controversy. The mystical science which flows from the heart of God, and is extracted from divine love, is incomparably more valuable than the wine of science acquired by natural reasoning and discourse. It derives its origin from divine love, which prepares it for its children: its flavour is delicious, its fragrance exceeds that of the sweetest perfumes; *the joy it imparts is free from pride; it elevates man, but does not render him haughty; it sweetly inebriates him, without weakening his understanding.*"

And this volume contains a wonderful record of the practical life and works of those favoured children of God, sanctified by His mystical condescensions and made so effective in the restoration of so many souls both in the world and in the cloister at a time when charity had grown old and the enemy of souls had entered even into the sanctuaries of God. What more encouraging record could we have of the progress of that Christian Humanism, which was nothing less than the divine restoration to men of their proper humanity, than the lives of such men and women as Ange de Joyeuse, Benoit de Canfeld, Père

Joseph, Madame Acarie, Cardinal Bérulle, Jean de Quintanadoine, Catherine of Jesus, and the great Benedictine abbesses, crowned, may we not say, by the life of St. Francis of Sales himself?

Hardly at any other age of the Church can the union of the contemplative and practical have been more productive of spiritual good. And not only so, but not even life in the world and the cares of the married state seem to have interrupted the lives of mystical union and practical service that so many of them lived—Madame Acarie herself being a wonderful case in point. Married to a husband who understood hardly at all her spiritual life and was himself a very poor business man, she divided her life between constant “attention” to God, the rescuing of her husband from debt, the proper education of her children, and the bringing of the daughters of St. Teresa from Spain to settle in France. And what was the secret of her practical success? “Her soul was enlightened by some special ray of the divine, bestowing on her an unerring judgment in things earthly as well as heavenly. As a result of this state of mind, she never willingly applied herself to any mundane business without first receiving an inward prompting thereto.” At this time a great attempt was successfully made to humanize and extend the life of prayer. St. Francis of Sales tells us “how lovable, simple, desirable, even easy it was, and proclaimed it an error to exclude from its higher experiences the soldier in his regiment, the artisan in his workshop, or the Prince in his Court”.

W. E. CAMPBELL.

In *The Golden Epistle of Abbot William* (Sheed & Ward, 5s.) a long-exiled author comes into his own again, and for the first time finds himself in an English garb. Were the good Abbot still subject to earthly feelings, we can well imagine that he would hardly be put out at all that his book should have been carried round for centuries under the name of his friend St. Bernard; he might even rejoice that it were so, since probably it has been thus saved from the unmerited oblivion into which the rest of his works have been allowed to fall. That would have been a real loss to the spiritual library

and to souls, for this short treatise contains the quintessence of directions for a spiritual course. The list of saints and others, from St. Bonaventure down to Fr. Baker, who have used it and quoted from it, is sufficient to show its enduring value. Although the diction proper to the Bernardine school, steeped as it is in the language of the Vulgate, does not lend itself easily to translation into any other tongue, more especially into one such as ours, rich indeed, but with blurred edges beside the clear-cut Latin, the translator, Mr. Walter Shewring, has laboured successfully to give us a close yet eminently readable version. It may seem somewhat ungrateful after that to add that we wish it had been found possible to print the Latin text facing the translation, for it is not easily accessible in any edition—that here translated is Mabillon's corrected and supplemented by Dom Wilmart—and those who might prefer to read the Epistle in the original would then have Dom Justin McCann, the editor's, very helpful notes and important Introduction immediately at hand. Introduction is rather too modest a term for the thorough study of the Abbot and his work which occupies a third of the entire book. Not only are we given a full defence of William's authorship of the Epistle and of its complete orthodoxy, but his personality and doctrine are made to stand out in high relief against the background of his times and of his other writings. Those who read the book merely for interest will not go unsatisfied. They will be able to picture to themselves the Abbot's visit to the incipient Charterhouse of Mont Dieu; the deep impression made upon him by the sight of a life wholly ordained for prayer; how his experienced eye detected some spirit of elation in "Brother Stephen and his fellows, the younger brethren" at their high angelic life upon earth—"Is God the God of solitaries only?" he asks them; his truly Cistercian horror at the extensive building already begun, that perennial monastic occupation, and sometimes temptation; how he went back home full of holy envy, for it seems clear that, in changing his black cowl for a white, Abbot William had not found ultimate perfection after all—it was the homesickness for heaven that lay heavy on

his heart! Others, with a will to profit interiorly, will not lack matter here. If it be not given them to dwell in the sheltered peace of solitude, they will be reminded that there is "one cell without, another within", where "he with whom God is, is at no time less alone than when he is alone". That entry into this sacred enclosure is by Him who named Himself its Door, since beginners (and who is not ?) should "set before them the image of the Humanity of Our Lord, His Birth, Passion, and Resurrection", so that later on, "when faith changeth into affection", they may "embrace in the midst of their hearts Christ Jesus all man with respect to the manhood He put on, all God with respect to the Godhead that put on man".

E. S. M.

Could we accurately estimate the proportion of influence that the wishers and thinkers of this world have exercised on the thought of mankind we should probably be struck with amazement and find that the ordinary scale of values needed a good deal of readjustment. Those who produce the most obvious results are not always the true creators, for it is easy to work an effect when the effect in question is the one that is expected. What we can never gauge is the unnoticed pressure exercised by some minds on the minds of others, and through them on all those with whom they come in contact. In Père Laberthonnière, whose name is unknown to many, but deeply, intimately and spiritually known to those who do know him, we have one of those hidden forces whose influence has spread much farther than his name. Far better known, perhaps, are those who have drawn their inspiration from his teaching, and have carried his message, clothed in other words, to the world at large. And uncounted are the souls of unknown men and women that have been nourished by his doctrine, and have passed it on to those of whom they had the care. Let us hope that these "PAGES CHOISIES" (par Thérèse Friedel Paris: J. Vrin), admirably selected by a loving hand, may enable others to profit by the spiritual riches of this too silent thinker.

I do not know how far Père Laberthonnière

drew his first ideas from M. Maurice Blondel—who, in his turn, was a disciple of Léon Ollé-Laprune—but there is, of course, a close kinship between his philosophy and that set forth in *L'Action*, the great work of M. Blondel. And there is a yet earlier progenitor in the person of Pascal, with his undying message of heroic faith. But we have a right to forget all in studying the personal and independent thought of Père Laberthonnière himself.

For him, of course, religion is the only true life of the soul, but *life* it must be, life and activity, or it is unreal. Hence the repudiation of exteriority; of the mechanical imposition of religious truth. Faith, living faith, consists in the active appropriation of spiritual truth, and not in its automatic acceptance.

Si nous avons des vérités à croire nous n'avons pas de vérités à subir; this word *subir* is a keyword of his philosophy, as denoting a kind of servile subjection to imposed truth. To *subir* a truth is to have it laid on us from outside; it is to be made the receptacle of foreign matter for which the soul has no innate and initiatory disposition. All statements, all arguments for the existence of God or of spiritual reality, that are not also a response to the questions and tendencies of the soul herself, are conventional and unreal. We are not mere tenants and rent-payers on the land of our soul, we are owners and possessors; nothing has, for us, any true spiritual value until we have made it our own. *Appropriation*: as *subir*, to accept or undergo, is the keyword of Père Laberthonnière's teaching in the negative sense, so is *appropriation* the leading word in the positive sense

If it be true (he writes) *that we have nothing but what we have received it is equally true that we have nothing but what we have acquired*: everything must be made our own by active participation. God is the true life of our soul, and our response to revealed truth is the response of worship.

This is *immanence*, but not *immanentism*, and this distinction becomes the more clear and positive from Père Laberthonnière's insistence on the doctrine of *Creation*.

He insists, not only because, as a Christian, he believes it, but because it is an essential factor of his philosophy, which is as un-pantheistic as the most rigid scholasticism. Only in virtue of our solidarity with God and other beings can we know Him and them; but only by reason of our distinctness can we love Him as our Maker, seek Him as our End.

All this is a lesson of weighty moral responsibility, We are responsible for our own faith because it depends upon our own life. God is within us before He manifests Himself from without; if we refuse Him as our End we cannot know Him as our Cause. The supreme obstacle to spiritual faith is *egoism*, a self-love which precludes divine love, a self-seeking which precludes the pursuit of eternal life.

"Ontologically," he writes, we have our being and life through God and other beings; "intellectually and morally" it is by us that He and other beings live in us. And we can, indeed, "will not to live *by* them" in order "not to live *for* them".

It may be that certain questions will arise in our minds from the perusal of these arresting words which do not find a complete answer. For instance, how far is the more exterior presentment of truth a necessity for mankind at large? How far do many necessarily live by the force of a system who could hardly partake of spiritual life without it? How far may a system supply for personal inadequacy in so far as the community embraces the individual, and our own incomplete efforts are incorporated in the total effort of a spiritual society?

Again one asks oneself whether full justice is done to the spiritual philosophy of Greece, and whether Hellenists such as Dean Inge might not have important criticisms to offer.

And, lastly, there occurs that great problem which seems almost to divide mankind into two categories, the problem as to the predominance of mind and knowledge, in their highest sense, or will and love. Is life, in its supreme attainment, best described as contemplation or as love? This is the crux of the problem. But whatever reply each soul may give to these questions,

all may draw light and strength from this virile doctrine of spiritual effort.

Might we suggest that in any future edition of this little work there should be a complete list of the works of Père Laberthonnière, and a reference in the Index to the place from which the various extracts are drawn ?

M. D. PETRE.

Dom E. A. Roulin, a monk of Ampleforth Abbey, has produced a manual of liturgical art under the title of **Vestments and Vesture** (Sands, 15s.). The work was originally published in French ; the present translation by Dom Justin McCann, O.S.B., differs, we are told in the preface, in some minor points from the French edition, but is substantially the same work. It contains not a little suggestive of thought, and will be found of great value by everyone concerned in the production of ecclesiastical textiles. The work is pre-eminently one intended for the use of those engaged in such production, either in the actual making or in giving instructions for it. History therefore plays a subordinate part, but enough has been given to create an intelligent interest in each separate article.

The keynote of the whole work is an insistence on simplicity ; Dom Roulin is a staunch opponent of lavish ornament, and this applies not only to vestments, but to altar frontals, hangings and veils, and in short to everything used in connexion with the liturgy.

As the great model of simplicity, he takes us back to the earliest mosaics, those in San Vitale in Ravenna. Nothing, indeed, could be simpler or for that matter grander, for there we see an Archbishop of Ravenna clothed in, to use modern terminology, an alb, a chasuble, and a pallium, and nothing more. Were this taken as the proper standard, what would become of the pontifical buskins, tunical, dalmatic, gremial, gloves, and mitre ? One puts the thing in this way because one feels that there is a certain inconsistency in the author's arguments. He makes a constant appeal to antiquity, but seems to stop short when the appeal becomes incon-

venient. To take a minor matter, he denounces and rightly denounces the use of lace in ecclesiastical garments as effeminate, but is willing to allow it on the rochets of prelates. Why? Does lace cease to be effeminate when it is worn by a personage, or does Dom Roulin shrink from condemning established usage in the case of a prelate which he freely condemns in the case of the ordinary priest?

Dom Roulin does not tie himself down to any particular age, but in spite of this the book has an archæological flavour. He is insistent upon the beauty of the large chasuble, and appeals strongly to antiquity as an argument for its use. He is, of course, entitled to his opinion, but so are those who prefer the Italian form, especially when made to the dimensions prescribed by St. Charles. Not a few hold the honest opinion that this is more suitable for its purpose in every way than the sham antiques which have been imposed upon us of recent years by ecclesiastical antiquarians. If the earliest form of the chasuble is to be taken as its norm, why should not the simpler caplike mitre be preferred to those of the thirteenth and later centuries? Inconsistency seems to hedge about the ecclesiastical antiquarian. The practice of the sixth century or the thirteenth may be legitimately preferred to that of the present day, even by those who are not forgetful of the fact that the Church is a living organism and not an archæological institute; but what can be thought of a medley of a thirteenth-century mitre, gold-buckled shoes, and a cassock with a prodigious train, possibly covered by a lace alb?

The large chasuble, one freely recognizes, has forced its way in spite of the protest of the sacred congregation of Rites, and that in some of the churches of Rome itself, but the argument from antiquity is a dangerous one. The zealous antiquary might suggest that there was no reason for the continuance of the mitre, seeing that it was unknown in the Church for a thousand years, or for the covering of the head during Divine Office or Mass by hood of biretta, seeing that the clergy, like the laity, were always bareheaded till the middle of the thirteenth century, when some English monks

and Canons Regular found themselves less able to endure the cold than their forebears.

The truth seems to be that too much attention is paid to these details, and that much better work would be done by trying to instil some liturgical sense into the laity, and some reverence for the altar into our architects. This may seem strong language, but what can be said of altars that are built in such a way that it is impossible, or at least highly inconvenient, to arrange the candles without kneeling on the altar itself; or of altars without a canopy, the necessity for which is so stressed in the *Cærimoniale Episcoporum* that it is ordered that if there be no canopy over the high altar, and that of the Blessed Sacrament, there should be none over the bishop's throne? And before we worry ourselves about the changing of the shape of vestments, one would like, with Dom Roulin, to see every tabernacle properly veiled and every altar decently clothed.

But Dom Roulin's book is a good one, and should be read by everyone who is in the least interested in liturgical matters. Both author and publisher must be congratulated on its admirable production. E. B.



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